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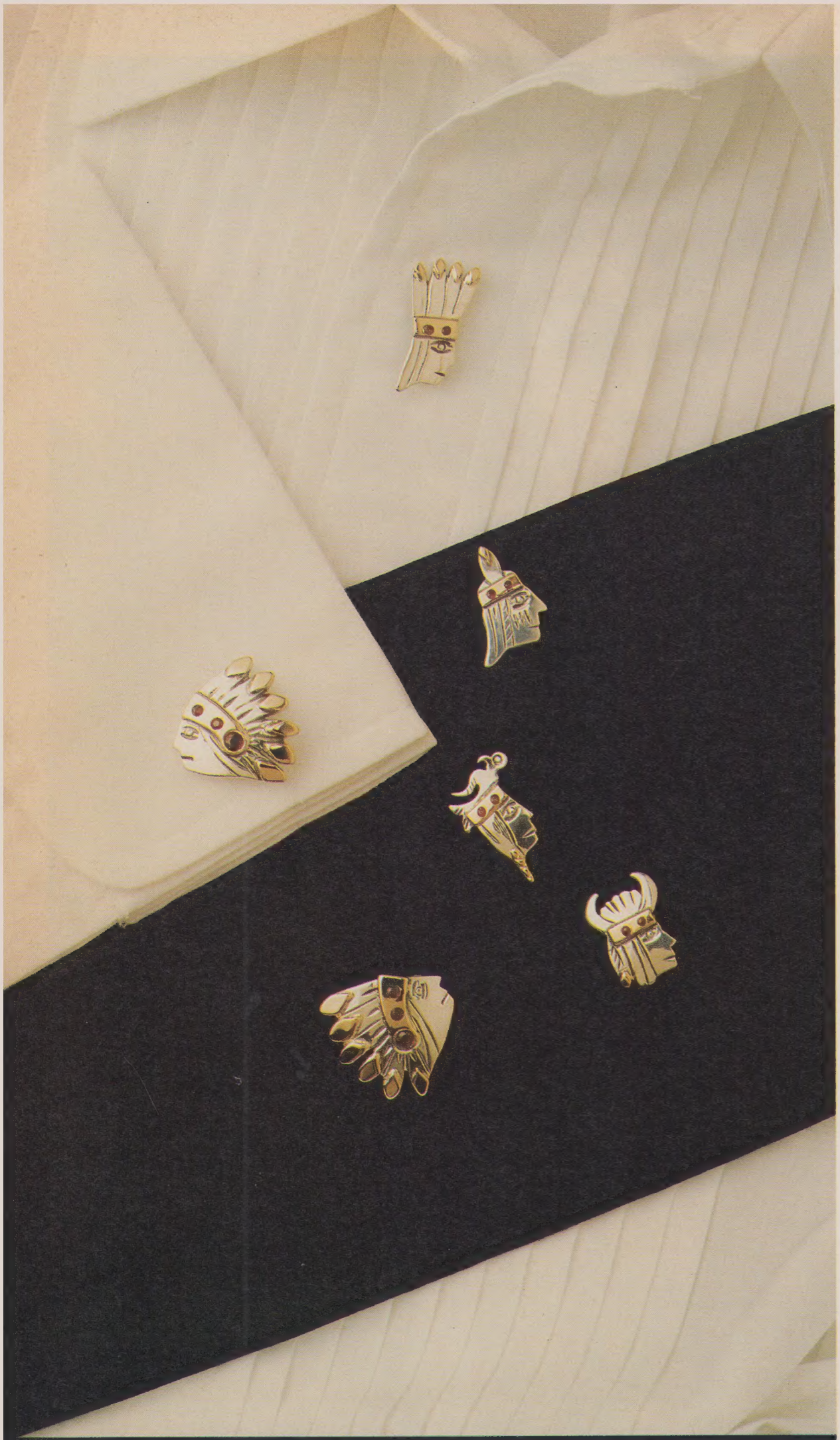

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(content)

AUGUST 1992

THE FRONT

8 **CONTRIBUTORS**

10 **FAME**
As our founder, Andy Warhol, said, it's a fifteen-minute kind of thing. So why has Marilyn Monroe had it for more than 22 million minutes?

16 **ART HIGHLIGHTS**
Jean Cocteau and "Putt-Modernism"

MOVIES SCOOPS

18 **Steven Weber**

20 **Judith Henry**

22 **Tom Kalin, Craig Chester, and Daniel Schlachet**

24 **Emer McCourt**

MOVIES NEWS

25 **Previews, reviews, our views**

26 **Isaac Mizrahi**

28 **MUSIC COLUMN**
What's really going on with Springsteen and his band?
by Greil Marcus

MUSIC—WATCH OUT FOR:

32 **Bleach**

34 **Sound Advice**

35 **Martha Wash**

36 **David Broza**

38 **AN INTIMATE PHONE CALL**
between edgy actor James Woods and tell-it-like-it-is writer Michael Musto

40 **ACTION**
Lu Jinghua escaped China after the bloodbath of Tiananmen Square; now she organizes for Chinese workers' rights in New York City sweatshops

42 **SCOUTING**
Richard Pandiscio's Ones to Watch

44 **MOVIES PROFILE**
Brian De Palma

48 **THE INTERPRETATION OF CREAMS**

FASHION

50 T-shirts that make waves

52 Ties you won't want to take off

54 **HAPPY BIRTHDAY**
Party animal Bill Clinton

56 **COMING ATTRACTIONS**

PHOTO: COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, BEQUEST OF MARGARET E. DOWS, 1909

Frederic Edwin Church, *Heart of the Andes* (1859); oil on canvas.

THE MIDDLE

60 C'mon, Baby, Light My Fire
August = cookout time. We asked Britain's cookingest band, New Order, America's very own Martha Stewart, and the one-and-only Lypsinka to show us how they do it.
by DIMITRI EHRLICH, STEPHEN GRECO, and PETER GALVIN
photographs by HUGH HALES-TOOKE, TODD EBERLE, and NICK WAPLINGTON

66 Tim Robbins
Here's the guy who's done the impossible. With *Bob Roberts*, he's come up with a movie that makes you laugh and vote.
by SUSAN MORGAN photographs by KURT MARKUS

74 Men Only?
A fashion portfolio by three young photographers.
by JOE McKENNA photographs by STEWART SHINING, JOHN HUBA, and MARIO SORRENTI

80 Watch Out, Birdie!
Badminton's back.
photographs by MARK HANAUER and BILL STEELE

84 Sonic Youth
With a new album called *Dirty*, Sonic Youth have no intention of cleaning up their act.
by RANDI GOLLIN photographs by STEVEN KLEIN

88 Let It Fall
This month's go-with-the-flow story.
hair by ORIBE photographs by TODD EBERLE

94 Pirates with a Difference
When Greenpeace gave Paul Watson the boot, he founded the Sea Shepherd Conservation Society, a band of people out to save whales and dolphins. And that's just the beginning.
by DEAN KUIPERS

96 Double Whammy
Separated at birth? Jennifer Jason Leigh and Bridget Fonda in *Single White Female*. Interview with director Barbet Schroeder
by GRAHAM FULLER

98 Kristy Swanson
Also known as Buffy the Vampire Slayer.
by LAUREN OLIVER photographs by PAUL JASMIN

102 The New Armor
Leather by Avirex, Chrome Hearts, Diesel, Donna Karan, Moschino, Jil Sander, and Versace.
photographs by ALBERT WATSON

THE BACK

FOOD

106 **THE HUNGER**
The return of the singles restaurant doesn't mean you have to be on the make to enjoy your meal.
by HAL RUBENSTEIN

109 **FASHION DETAILS**

PAPARAZZI

110 **For the Record**
photographs by Laura de Coppet

112 **Page 5**
photographs by Patrick McMullan

THE COVER

Tim Robbins photographed by Kurt Markus.
Grooming by Lynn Barron. Styling by Tina Bossidy.
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Shirt by Emporio Armani. Tie by Etro.
For fashion details, see page 109.

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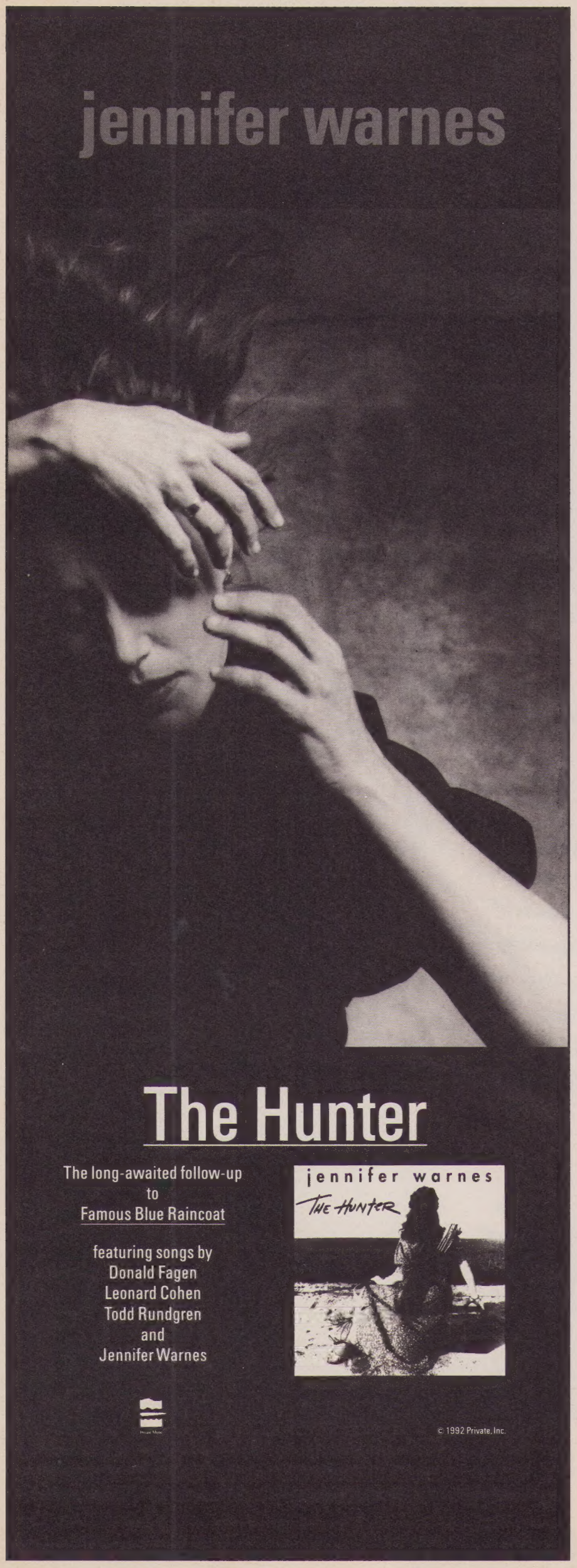

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On Brandy Brook, by Wilberforce Eames (August, 1913).

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PHOTO: COURTESY OF THE EAMES COLLECTION/THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Erratum—In our May issue, the photograph of Bunty Matthias (page 40) was taken by Fabs Ram Fay, with printing courtesy of Picto, Montparnasse.

WHISPERS IN THE DARK

OPENS FRIDAY, AUGUST 7TH AT THEATRES EVERYWHERE

mmmmmmm . . . M.M.

Marilyn Monroe died thirty years ago this month. Why does she still mean so much?

Michael Musto

(GOSSIP COLUMNIST FOR *THE VILLAGE VOICE*)

"Back in my prepubescent Brooklyn days, all indicators pointed to the fact that sex was terribly dirty and disturbed. Marilyn Monroe movies suggested otherwise. In all her innocent eroticism, Marilyn proved once and for all that if a gust of wind lifts up your skirt, it's only natural to go for it. I've been doing so ever since."

Minnie Mouse

(RUSSI TAYLOR, VOICE OF THE DISNEY STAR)

"She was most alluring, and oh, so beautiful. And of course she was the epitome of a good shopper. I mean, after all, how else would she get all those beautiful clothes?"

Mathilda May

(ACTRESS)

"Once, when we were working together, Yves Montand told me Marilyn and I both worried about our acting in the same way. And, of course, I thought of her when I was working with him. I asked him questions about how she did things, and he told me that everything for her seemed to be a bit complicated. Like, even a walk across the street. She would think too much of how that walk should be done."

Malcolm McDowell

(ACTOR)

"As an actress she knew how to make herself free, to let herself go completely. She did her rehearsing on the set, which I think is why her performances were so spontaneous. Of course, as a person she was like a beautifully caged bird; she was so tragically doomed. But, no, she didn't influence me as an actor, because I was raised on the theater, which teaches one a more professional way of doing things. But then maybe the professionalism of the theater is what cages me as an actor."

Marilyn Mouse.

Marky Mark

(RAPPER)

"Marilyn? One sly honey."

Marla Maples

(ACTRESS/PERSONALITY)

"Once the media gets involved in your life, you can lose perspective on who you really are. And Marilyn wasn't that sure who she was before the world tried to invent who she was—and believe me, it doesn't matter how you've lived your life, because people will create you the way they want to create you. I've always had a strong affinity with Marilyn, but I'm thankful that what's happened to me has happened now that I'm a little older and wiser. Just studying her life has really helped me handle myself in a different way."

Malcolm McLaren

(FATHER OF PUNK/ROCK RENAISSANCE MAN)

"She's the girl you're forever wanting to undress without blinking. And she's very much an *enfant perdue,* too, which is something that I can relate to, something very sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll: if you put it all together you get Marilyn Monroe. You know, she's almost cheap T-shirt, because that's what rock 'n' roll is—you find it in Times Square, in the windows. There's Marilyn Monroe, there's Sid Vicious, there's James Dean. She's more for your money. *[laughs]* She's like . . . she's no culture at all—she's like America. It's all part of the same thing, that sad kind of glamour. She's not a human being anymore, she's a mythic thing. The idea of Marilyn Monroe is what I think Marilyn Monroe is."

As told to **Mark Marvel**

Marilyn in Scope, **a selection of Marilyn Monroe's color films for 20th Century Fox, will be shown August 4–13 at the Newman Theater of New York's Joseph Papp Public Theater. FoxVideo has just issued "The Marilyn Collection," featuring twelve Monroe films—five not previously released on cassette—with original trailers and Fox Movietone news clips.**

Illustration: **DAVID SHELDON**

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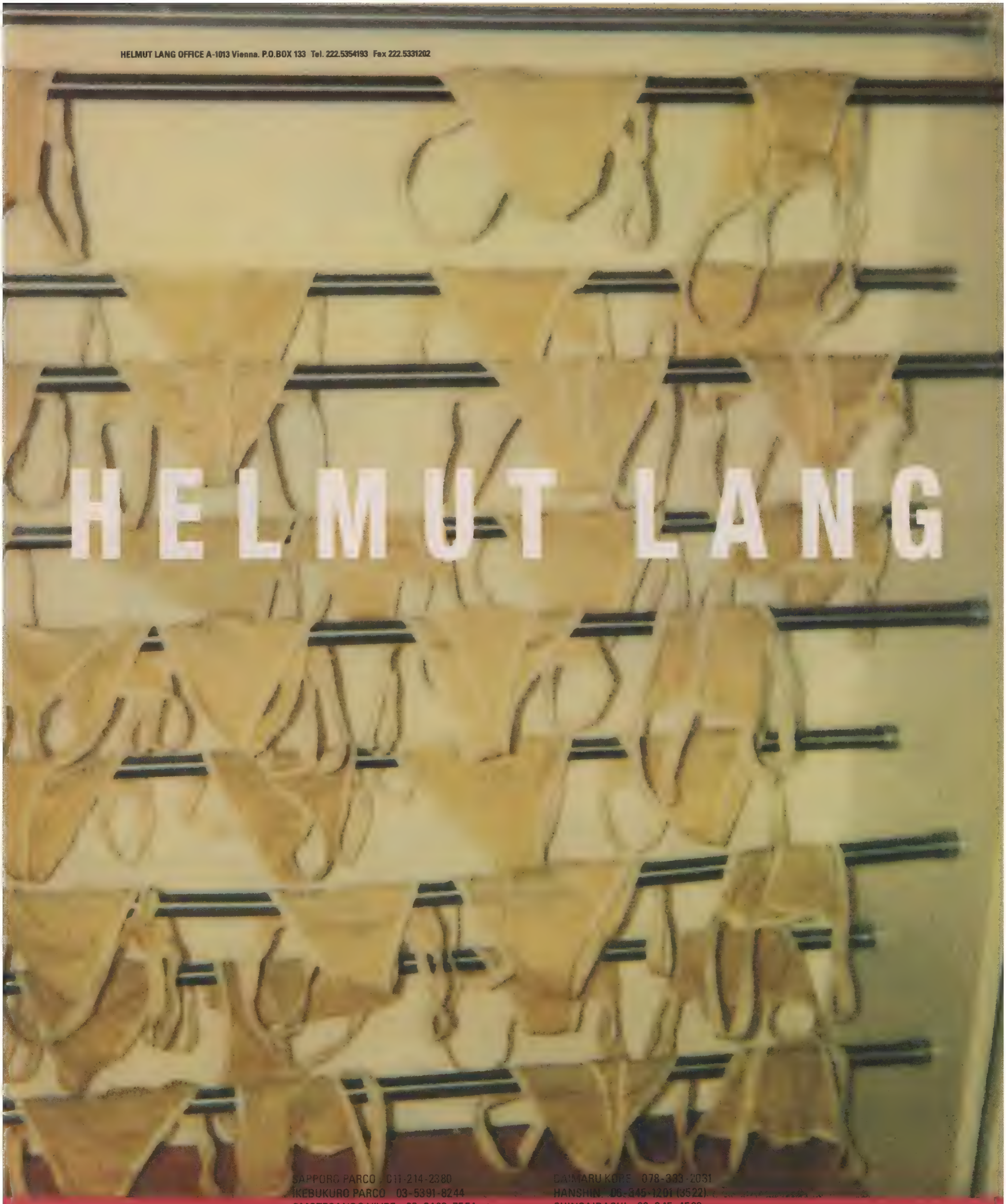

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Jean Cocteau, *La Boule de Neige Terrible* (1935); sepia ink on paper.

JEAN COCTEAU NEWS

"Great are the prerogatives of beauty, subduing even those not consciously aware of it." Recovering from opium addiction in a hospital room paid for by Coco Chanel, Jean Cocteau wrote *Les Enfants Terribles* in just seventeen days. First published in 1929, Cocteau's classic of taboo love—Heathcliff meets Cathy meets Lady Macbeth—was reimagined by its author six years later as a book of drawings (*Soixante Dessins Pour Les Enfants Terribles*), and then as a film. His works—claimed by the worlds of fashion (his sketches for Chanel produced some of that house's most memorable images), theater, movies, and literature—seemed always works in progress, and Cocteau was his own best collaborator. Now, more than sixty years after the initial publication of *Les Enfants Terribles*, David Deiss and his Elysium Press have done a little collaborating of their own. In one beautiful handbound edition, Deiss has combined thirty-nine drawings selected from the original sixty illustrations in *Soixante Dessins* with an English translation of *Les Enfants Terribles*. The result is a small masterpiece of literary show-and-tell. MARK MARVEL

PUTT-MODERNISM

"Putt-Modernism" is the only art show in New York this summer to double as a functional miniature-golf course, with eighteen holes designed by artists including Mel Chin, Michael Graves, Elizabeth Murray, Pat Oleszko, Cindy Sherman, Sandy Skoglund, Fred Wilson, and Nina Yankowitz. The installation tees off at Artists Space August 1 and closes September 1. "To cover the rent during August, when we're usually closed," quips Lori Radford, Artists Space's development director, when asked about the purpose of the show. "And to bring new people into the space." You can just view the exhibition or, if you're a real sport, rent one of the available putters ($5) and take a swing at it. STEPHEN GRECO

Gregory Amenoff, *The King's Hole* (maquette, 1992); plywood, enamel paint, AstroTurf.

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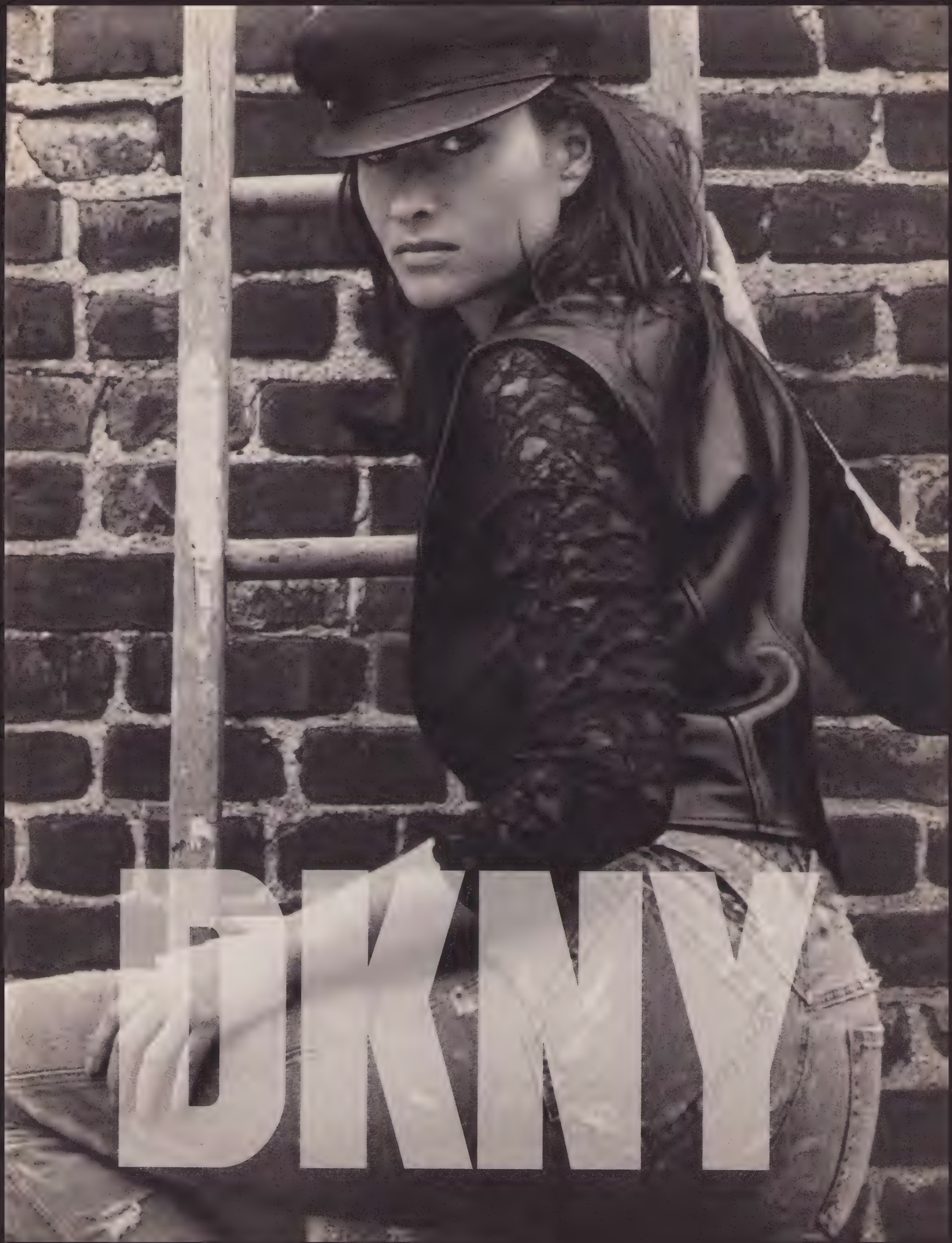
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STEVEN WEBER
HOW TO PLAY A LOUSY BOYFRIEND

We have no idea what Sam, Steven Weber's character in *Single White Female*, does when he's not lolling in bed or performing minor fix-it duty around his girlfriend's apartment. It hardly matters. "I have the traditional female role—I prance around naked and then get killed after sex," says Weber. Handsome Sam's brow furrows at home-improvement tasks, and when it comes to solving ethical dilemmas, he fails the exam. "That's what I liked about the part. He makes amoral decisions. He's either really normal, or he's evil. I haven't figured out which." TAM PUTNAM

Steven Weber: *S.W.F.*'s amoral B.F.

HAIR AND MAKEUP: SAMMY MARTIN/SUZANNE'S A-PLUS. STYLING: NANCY CHES[illegible] SUIT: [illegible] MIRAGE. SHIRT: MATSUDA. SHOES: LUCIANO BARS[illegible] BASCO FOR FASHION DETAILS. SEE PAGE 103

Photo: D. SCOTT O'BRIEN

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French actress Judith Henry.

JUDITH HENRY
THE BETTER PART OF INNOCENCE

In this month's *La Discrète,* named after the seventeenth-century term for a beauty mark on the chin, Judith Henry plays an innocent who turns the tables on her cynical seducer. Henry may resemble a drab country mouse onscreen, but she is a perfectly Parisian phenomenon—her mother is a psychoanalyst, her father a philosopher—who took to the stage at age ten. She has one of those candlelit cameo faces out of a Georges de La Tour painting, demure with perhaps a soupçon of perversity. "I'm nothing like the girl in the film," she insists. "But it's bizarre. . . . I never felt I was playing a character." JOAN DUPONT

Photo: **LAURA RESEN**

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SWOON

Director Tom Kalin murders a myth

Black and white, like night and day, sheds a different light on all realities. In *Swoon,* director Tom Kalin's first feature film, a bird flies up to a perfect sky, toward the same sun that melted the dreams of Icarus; a shutter sounds, and the flight is suspended forever. Two young men planning the perfect crime exchange a kiss, pass a ring between their lips, and seal their fate.

Swoon chronicles the infamous case of Nathan Leopold Jr. (Craig Chester) and Richard Loeb (Daniel Schlachet), tried in Chicago in 1924 for the kidnap and murder of a fourteen-year-old boy. Kalin has filled this artful mix of narrative, archival, and experimental footage with enough light to show that history tainted the tragedy with negative gay myths. "I wanted to make it clear that I was telling this story from a contemporary point of view," says Kalin, "and the reason for doing that is because it has been used for a long time to say that homosexual desire is inherently pathological. I think maybe it's time to make things a little more complicated."

VICTORIA LEACOCK

***Swoon*'s director, Tom Kalin.**

Daniel Schlachet as Richard Loeb.

Craig Chester as Nathan Leopold Jr.

GROOMING, TOP: JIM CRAWFORD

Photos: **JAMES WHITE**

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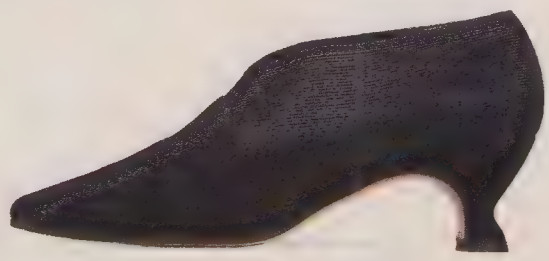

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Emer McCourt, waking up in the movies and making the movies wake up.

EMER McCOURT

Sparkling in rough roles

You can become a movie star by going through the long, character-building apprenticeships of drama school, TV, and the stage, or you can drift into it sans agent, Equity credentials, and résumé. "On a wave" is how the Irish actress Emer McCourt describes her dreamy career curve. "I've had a very curious and lucky journey into acting. And I'm still getting into it: there's no day or hour or moment when you start." Waking up, in effect, on a film set can generate the kind of spontaneous, incandescent performances that cinema craves in a young performer. And in two of the best films to emerge from Britain lately, Ken Loach's *Riff Raff* and Hanif Kureishi's *London Kills Me,* McCourt's gamine presence and rheumy Celtic cadences sing out from the screen. Both movies are loose-limbed, politically aware picaresques, tracking the improvised survival tactics of young adults roughing it in a wrecked, lost-to-Thatcher London. In each, McCourt shows us the clogged impulses of a junkie scrabbling mischievously between rapture and despair. JAMES SAYNOR

Photo: **AMELIA STEIN**

WHAT TO SEE BEFORE THE FALL

Will Clint Eastwood's new Western make our day? *Plus:* Meryl Streep and Goldie Hawn's search for eternal youth, Willem Dafoe's insomnia, and Brad Pitt's hair

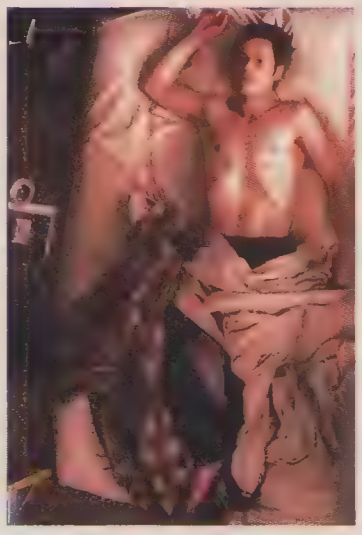
Clint Eastwood and Morgan Freeman in *Unforgiven.*

UNFORGIVEN DIRECTED BY CLINT EASTWOOD

The story of the retired gunslinger who commits to one last job is central to the mythification of the West, and Eastwood eats iconography like this for breakfast. None of his recent films has done well domestically, and in making a Western, his first since *Pale Rider* in 1985, he's sticking his neck out a mile. Still, the word is that *Unforgiven* will be a sleeper hit—principally due to Eastwood's growing directorial acumen and the script by David Webb Peoples, who might just be able to work the same revisionist magic here as he did with *Blade Runner.* The cast includes Gene Hackman, taking his turn as a *One-Eyed Jacks*–style sheriff-turned-bureaucrat; the newly resurrected Richard Harris, following in Brando's *The Missouri Breaks* shoes as a flamboyant hired killer; and Morgan Freeman, in one of his patented sidekick performances. HENRY CABOT BECK

LIGHT SLEEPER DIRECTED BY PAUL SCHRADER

Manhattan drug delivery boy John LeTour (Willem Dafoe) follows the footsteps of Schrader's earlier wanderers down the halls of degradation: *Taxi Driver*'s Travis Bickle and *American Gigolo*'s Julian Kay. LeTour's boss (Susan Sarandon) is quitting coke for cosmetics; his lost love (Dana Delany) is "clean" but unstable; a net closes around him as he tries to break free. A mood of insomniac dreaminess surrounds LeTour—played with fascinating passivity by Dafoe—and compounds Schrader's vision of a tortured soul in search of a life. Another film of overweening intelligence from this writer-director, although its cerebral groove may still leave him unredeemed at the box office. GRAHAM FULLER



Willem Dafoe in *Light Sleeper.*

Matthew Modine and Jennifer Grey in *Wind.*

WIND DIRECTED BY CARROLL BALLARD

Rocky in a twelve-meter yacht, *Wind* has Matthew Modine and Jennifer Grey wresting the Americas Cup back from the Aussies in a thinly veiled redux of 1987's white-hot sailing competition. If the underrated Ballard can do for boats what he has done in the past for horses (*The Black Stallion*) and wolves (*Never Cry Wolf*), the prospects look extremely good. Pass the Old Spice. H.C.B.

DEATH BECOMES HER DIRECTED BY ROBERT ZEMECKIS

Zemeckis mocks Hollywood's image obsession in this farce about the discovery of a potion of eternal youth that sparks love and rivalry between a Beverly Hills plastic surgeon (Bruce Willis), an airhead actress (Meryl Streep), and a vicious author (Goldie Hawn). If you can swallow the fantasy premise, *Death Becomes Her* sounds trashy in the best possible way. JULIE PHILLIPS

Goldie Hawn and Meryl Streep in *Death Becomes Her.*

JOHNNY SUEDE

DIRECTED BY TOM DICILLO

With his cantilevered Buster Poindexter do and Ricky Nelson ballads, a '50s nostalgist thinks he's the acme of cool, but his abuse of his new lover reveals that's exactly what he's not. Buoyed up by Brad Pitt's deadpan Johnny, Catherine Keener's blunt girlfriend, and cameos by Tina Louise and Ron Vawter, *Johnny Suede* is a diggably droll and grungy slice of nonstyle as style—like John Waters without the camp, David Lynch without the kink. G.F.

THE BEST INTENTIONS

DIRECTED BY BILLE AUGUST

Class conventions and austere living threaten the union of a prideful, lowborn clergyman and his wellborn wife in '20s Sweden. August follows *Pelle the Conqueror* with another Palme d'Or winner, this one based on Ingmar Bergman's screenplay about his parents' early marriage. Pernilla August's feeling portrayal of the young bride, a frightening interlude involving a battered changeling, and the film's patient inquiry into brewing marital conflict save *The Best Intentions* from mere dourness, although at three hours it's no aurora borealis. G.F.

WHISPERS IN THE DARK

DIRECTED BY CHRISTOPHER CROWE

When shrink Annabella Sciorra finds a link between her own lover (Jamey Sheridan) and one of her patients (Deborah Unger), whose bondage fetish she knows well, she gets nervous. Then the patient turns up dead and kinks become clues in this psychological psychiatric thriller. JESSICA COHEN

AFRAID OF THE DARK

DIRECTED BY MARK PEPLOE

Peploe intimately captured the perspective of a Chinese monarch in his (and Bertolucci's) screenplay for *The Last Emperor.* Now, as first-time director, he valiantly attempts to look through the eyes of a young boy whose perceptual quirks gradually reveal themselves. The portrayals of his blind relatives are skillful. But after a while you may want to escape from a child's mind that is too incongruously inhabited by adult perversions. J.C.

ENCHANTED APRIL

DIRECTED BY MIKE NEWELL

In this adaptation of Elizabeth Von Arnim's novel, Italy in the '20s offers salvation for clotted Anglo temperaments, as it did earlier in Henry James and E.M. Forster. Here, a quartet of women escape south for a holiday at a castle named—take note—San Salvatore. Hair is loosed, undergarments are discarded, and we know we're in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* territory when a horse-drawn coach rattles past a dewy cobweb. The film is best when it's sending up an array of London types, but then the blissful spirit of the place seeps into them and sentimentality takes over. TAM PUTNAM

MISTRESS

DIRECTED BY BARRY PRIMUS

With twisted glee, Primus orchestrates the erosion of virtue in a high-minded screenwriter (Robert Wuhl) attempting to direct his self-referential tale of a martyred artist. The saintly auteur unravels with pathetic authenticity as he grapples with three wise moneymen and their aspiring actress-mistresses. Robert De Niro, as the shrewdest shark, sparkles mischievously in the hilarious holy war of clashing carnal and artistic interests that ensues. J.C.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF TIME

DIRECTED BY ERROL MORRIS

Physicist Stephen Hawking, whose theories about the Big Bang pose thorny philosophical questions about the existence of God, is a wheelchair-bound sufferer of amyotrophic lateral sclerosis. Morris's talking-heads documentary about the life and work of this caustic genius is an exquisite piece of cinema that leaves you hungry for more—as if its maker was constrained by the moviegoing public's intellectual event horizon. G.F.

THE REFRIGERATOR

DIRECTED BY NICHOLAS A. E. JACOBS

In this parody of family values, set in an Avenue D apartment, evil emanates from the icebox—its siren call of bourgeois pleasure luring young New York gentrifiers to their doom. The sensibility is a little collegiate, but the style is entertainingly low-rent; the budget-free F/X are especially fine. J.P.

TOP: WILLIAM WARREN/WARNER BROS.; STEVE SANDS/FINELINE FEATURES; BOB MARSHAK/TRISTAR; DEANA NEWCRUMB/UNIVERSAL

A STAR IS BORN . . . AGAIN

Every time we've seen designer Isaac Mizrahi take his bows on the runway after one of his crowd-cheering fashion shows, we've thought someone should put him in pictures. Now someone has.

Strawberries do it, this wild thing of replicating in the field by taking root at a distance from the parent plant. So why not Isaac Mizrahi? Known otherwise as the wunderkind of American fashion, Mizrahi has advanced a whole new persona in the shadowy valley of American dreams and is, now, an actor, a working actor, playing a fashion designer called Julian Russell in Barry Sonnenfeld's upcoming film, *For Love or Money,* which also accommodates Michael J. Fox in a leading role.

Here is Mizrahi, a graduate of New York's High School for the Performing Arts, one early-summer day on location in Southampton, Long Island. He's talking about the eyebrows, and eyelashes, he applied in the spirit of Tyrone Power (to the chagrin of the film's makeup artist) before his first day of shooting, and about the idea that in a perfect world there'd be Mizrahi's collections, Mizrahi's piano playing, Mizrahi's cigarette smoking, and Mizrahi's acting career: "Two or three movies a year, one or two plays, a couple of commercials."

Mizrahi says he can't sleep at night in his Southampton village hotel, but hurries to work to wait in his location trailer. Time passes, and every time the director exclaims "Action!" Mizrahi rolls.

Mizrahi is taking his mark for a scene in which Julian Russell, wearing Isaac Mizrahi, hides from the guests at a party, and one of the characters, played by actress Alice Playten, laments, "You think you've got trouble? My husband is screwing Julian Russell!"

"I missed a friend's birthday at La Grenouille two nights ago because I was filming," Mizrahi says. "I might as well have MGM tattooed on my backside."

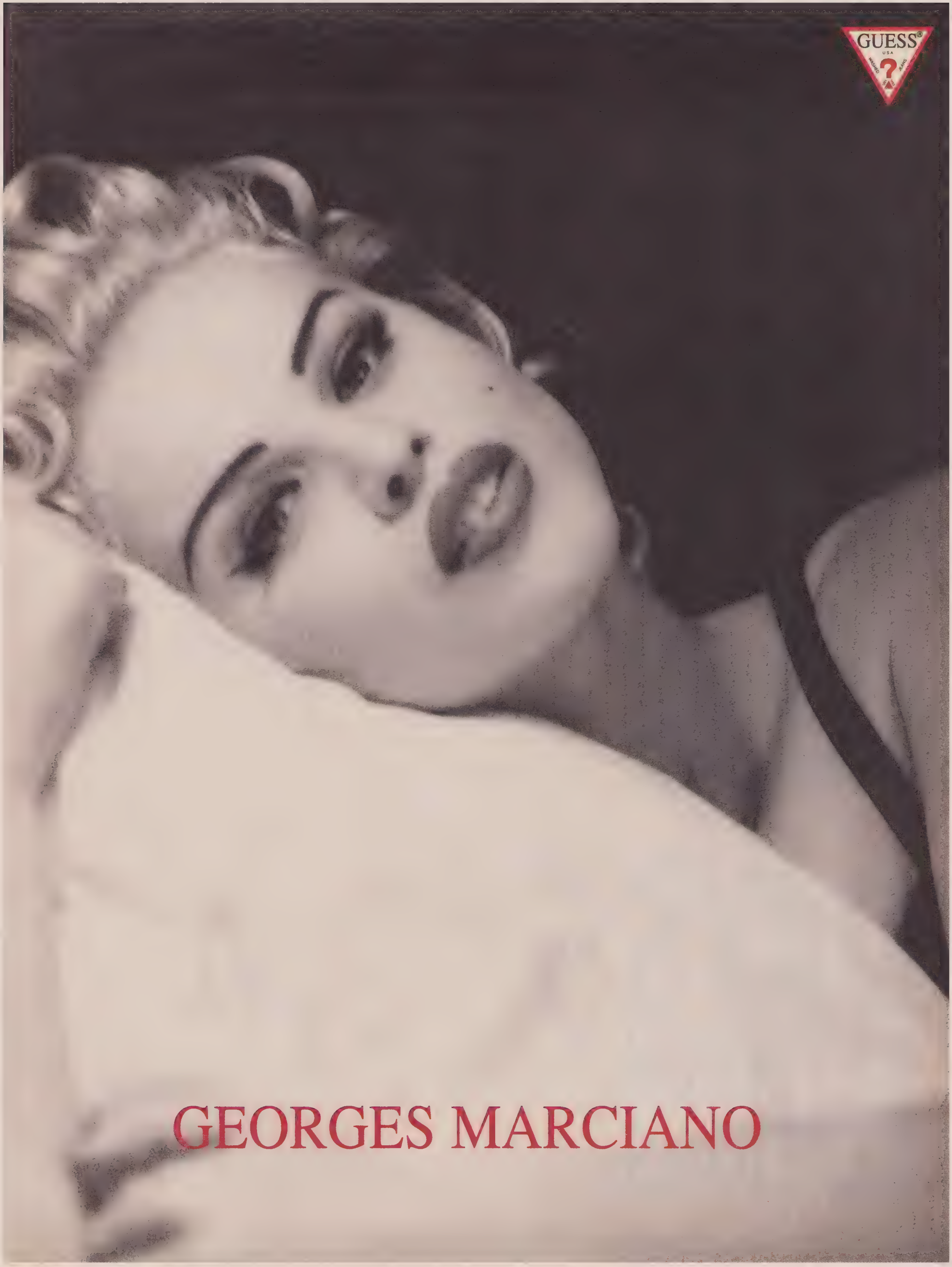
MGM? Just the perfect insignia for a line of jeans someday: Mizrahi-Goes-Movie Star.

WILLIAM NORWICH

Are you ready for your close-up, Mr. Mizrahi?

GROOMING: BILLY ERB/PAT BATES AND ASSOC. STYLING: KRIS JENSEN/PAT BATES AND ASSOC. PROP STYLING AND STUDIO: JO SHANE CHAIR BY RUSSELL WRIGHT, AVAILABLE AT FIFTY 50, NYC

Photo: JOSH JORDAN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GEORGES MARCIANO

(music column)

GREIL MARCUS

Springsteen, guitarist Shane Fontayne (left), and drummer Zachary Alford on *SNL*.

DAYS BETWEEN STATIONS

Bruce Springsteen's new band pushes his music to the limit

Bruce Springsteen approached the microphone stand with a dip of his shoulder—with the confidence of a man who doesn't mind telegraphing a punch. It landed anyway. It was May 9, on *Saturday Night Live,* the first time Springsteen had ever done such a show, his first appearance with his new combo: one holdover from longtime comrades the E Street Band, and three faces no one had seen before. Since then, they've played in Europe, and it's worth looking back to that opening shot, to get a sense of what happened there, and what the American tour might be worth.

"Boring," I heard, after Springsteen's *SNL* performance. "Empty." "The effect of the show," said one fan, "was that it reduced him to just another rock 'n' roll star—and I found that very depressing." Well, O.K.—I liked it, friends didn't, that's what it's all about. Other complaints were more telling. "It was like they were all shoved together—why were they standing so close to Bruce?" "God, they were ugly." "Did you see the way that guy moved, all down on his knees? He looked so stupid." Ex–E Streeter Roy Bittan, bald and gray, was in the background on keyboards. Up front were drummer Zachary Alford, who has his own power trio, called Bodybag, and played like it; Tommy Sims, a heavyset man with a little bowler on his head who gave new meaning to the phrase "walking bass"; and lead guitarist Shane Fontayne, whose band Merchants of Venus released their self-titled debut album last year. They weren't beholden. They charged the song, and Springsteen himself, with the same confidence he used to get to the mike.

So what were people talking about? They might have been talking about a feeling that, you know, the group didn't *look* right—which is to say that Alford and Sims are African-American and that half-Burmese Fontayne, fleshy, with a mass of curly black hair, is the most androgynous person Springsteen has ever shared his stage with. People were definitely talking about the fact that the musicians with "the Boss" didn't play with the studied, scripted deference that Springsteen received from the E Street Band.

"It was a mess," I heard more than once. Sure it was. The song was "Lucky Town," probably the most fierce and unclear of all the tunes on Springsteen's two recent CDs, which were then plummeting on the charts—but even if you already knew where the song was headed, the musicians weren't about to tell you how it was going to get there. They opened hard, with the huge chords of "Lucky Town" hanging a Western backdrop in front of your eyes: a gorgeous Bierstadt landscape with bloody Peckinpah losers galloping across it. Fontayne was plunging for the floor straight off. He holds his feet close together, then he shimmies and swivels—a strange movement, and altogether his, making you wonder why he's getting so much out of the music. Isn't he just a hired hand?

The performance was loose, open—as loose as Springsteen must have been when he wrote the song. "I had some victory that was just failure and deceit," he spat. "Now the joke's—" You're ready for him to complete the line with "on me," but he's off in a different direction, off the map: "Now the joke's comin' up through the soles of my feet." Craft can account for the way Springsteen continues with metaphors of "walking on fortune's cane" and "steppin' lightly"; it can't account for the original appearance of the image, which is too physical to work as a metaphor. "Now the joke's comin' up through the soles of my feet"—the picture is strange, diseased, eruptive, unstable. It's a clue that the Lucky Town the singer is heading for is no Big Rock Candy Mountain but a whorehouse, maybe no more than a bar.

They're in the third verse. The ambience is noisy, the emotional pace a lot faster than the meter. There are echoes of the cowboy ballad "Buffalo Skinners," Leadbelly's "Alabama Bound," Bob Dylan screeching "When you're lost in the rain in Juarez" onstage in 1966, with the Hawks surrounding him, demanding more than he'd ever given before. But the third verse of "Lucky Town" ends with its melody line hanging in the air; it takes the song right to the edge of a cliff and stops dead. Fontayne went over it.

There's a special thrill when a guitarist, taking a solo, is working through the set theme of a tune and then leaps past anyone else's notion of what there is to find in the song. This is what happens next. Fontayne shifts into high and bends a note so violently, so passionately, that his solo—at this moment the physical body of the song—turns over, is reversed, pulled inside out. If you hear what's happening, you gasp. If you were lucky enough to have taped the show, you run the tape again and again.

Fontayne challenged Springsteen in the moment, taking "Lucky Town" to places the man who wrote it hadn't glimpsed. Springsteen came off the solo with more energy, cutting away even from his own performance. By this time, the dramatic structure of the tune was barely big enough to hold the action the tune had kicked up. There was a freedom here that was new for Springsteen's music—and if it is still there on the tour, it will be something to see.

Of course, you may have to be in the mood, and the mood may be elusive. Gossip about the *SNL* appearance was strictly that Springsteen was showing up to keep his records from falling off the charts. "Smells like failure, commercial failure," said the lead-in to an *Entertainment Weekly* cover story. It's one thing to trumpet your favorite cult act, but when a performer has been rejected by the mass audience he supposedly deserves . . . "Well," said a friend, "it's like, it's a loser, and you don't want to be a loser, just like you wouldn't have wanted to be seen going into *Hudson Hawk,* right? Some things just have this *stench* about them." As Pauline Kael once put it, if you bet on the wrong horse in the pop-culture race, if you display an interest that isn't paying off, you take a real risk: "You risk associating yourself with failure." Whether Springsteen and his new band will emerge from that swamp is as good a question as pop music will have to ask this summer. ■

ART DIR. PAUL MARCIANO/PHOTO ELLEN VON UNWERTH

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In addition to co-sponsoring the event, Paul Mitchell Salon Haircare hosted a celebrity dinner reception following the conference. It was truly an honor to participate in this most important event. We'd like to thank the hairstylists of America – and you – their most valued clients. Your support makes it possible for us to continue our efforts toward creating a more beautiful world. Together, we are indeed making a difference.

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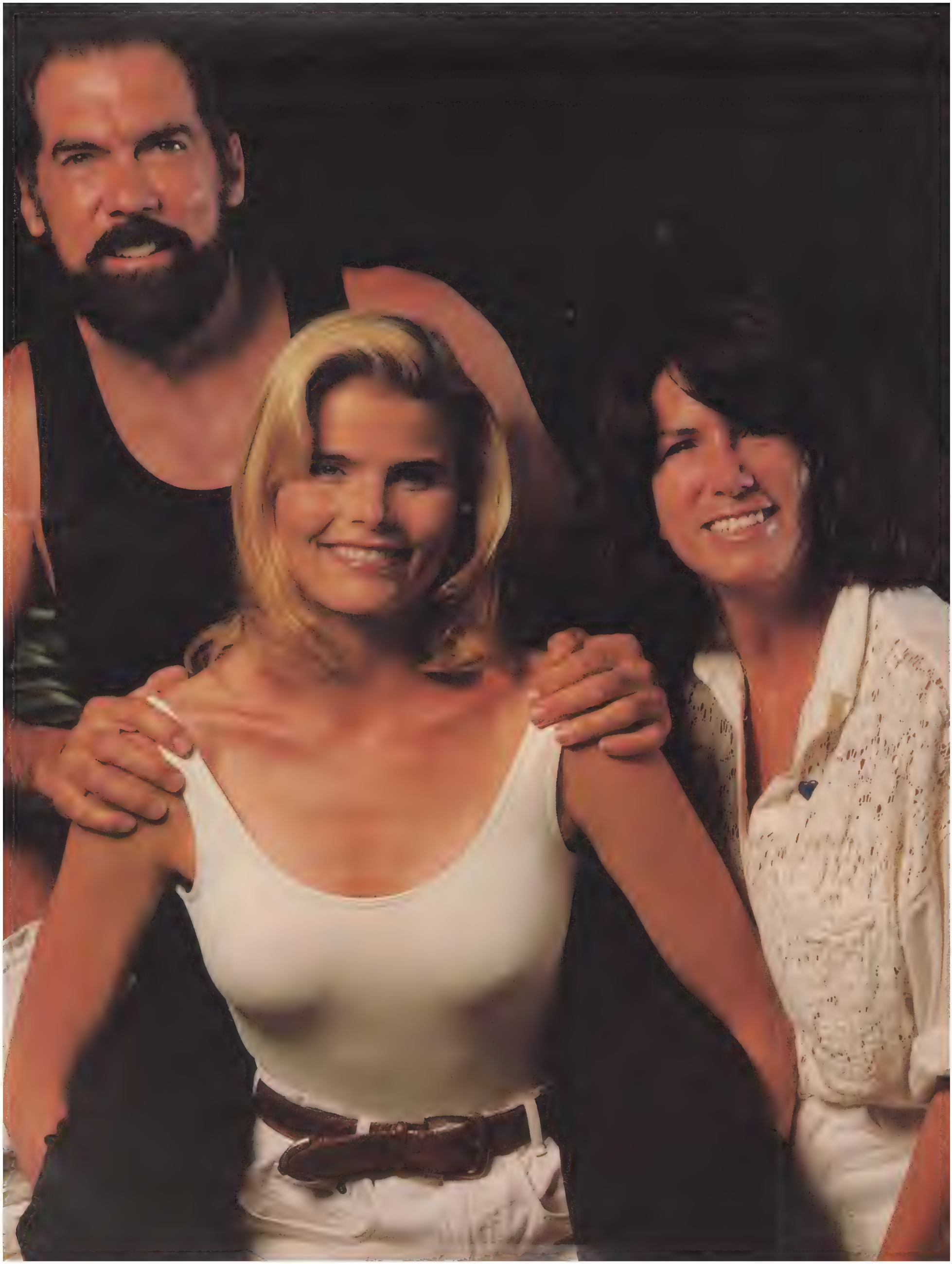

BLEACH THE BAND THAT WASHES YOUR PROBLEMS AWAY

Amid the gaggle of spacey British bands with monosyllabic names (Blur, Curve, Lush, Ride, etc.), Bleach stands out for making the kind of polysyllabic, world-weary music you might expect from downtown New York, not from the backwaters of Ipswich. On *Killing Time* (Chameleon), Salli Carson's slight but sexy wail splashes against a reef of guitar and drums to evince disconnectedness and dismay—a sound that's urban and never urbane. The problems of modern living, Bleach's songs insist, are universal: how men treat women and how not to fall in love. ARAM GEORGE

Photo: **CHRISTOPHER GRIFFITH** HAIR: JIMO SALAKO/VISAGES STYLE L.A. FOR W INTERNATIONAL
MAKEUP: GINA CROZIER/PREMIER PHOTOGRAPHIC, LONDON
STYLING: MARIJE GOEKOOP PHOTOGRAPHED AT CLICK STUDIOS, LONDON

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WHO'S BACK, WHO'S WACK, AND WHO'S GOT THE KNACK

From New York's usually abrasive rock underground comes a record with an exhilarating but dark pop sensibility: *CHROME MOLLY* (Lungcast), by CBGB's regulars DIE MONSTER DIE. Saved from prettiness by KENNY SANDERS'S aggressive drumming and SHAWN TRACY'S shrieking guitar, this debut LP is ready for the airwaves now. DMD's trump card is singer-bassist ALICE COHEN'S powerful, gothic voice; it spans genders, evoking both Axl Rose's phrasing and mannerisms and Patti Smith's fierce but nuanced emotionality.

ANN MARLOWE

CHARLIE HADEN'S *HAUNTED HEART* (Verve) is an evocative journey through the mythic postwar Los Angeles of Raymond Chandler and Walter Mosely. Recorded with Haden's current ensemble, **QUARTET WEST**, the album reprises and reconfigures the film themes, torch songs, and bebop that inflamed the venerable jazz bassist's youthful imagination. Inspired contemporary time-tripping with never a retro moment.

TED PANKEN

It's still raining in England, but **MORRISSEY** isn't as transcendentally miserable as he used to be. On ***YOUR ARSENAL*** (Sire/Reprise), his fourth solo album, the ex-Smith croons like a rockabilly recidivist through scrunching guitar anthems and ambient white noise, dripping irony on soccer violence and cultural decline ("We look to Los Angeles for the language we use/ London is dead"), and leaving familiar puddles of jealousy, self-pity, and yearning. Unlovely, unmelodic, and yet still shining through the squall.

GRAHAM FULLER

LUCINDA WILLIAMS polished her songwriting skills at the start of her career by covering straightforward blues standards from the likes of Robert Johnson and Memphis Minnie. That may be why on ***SWEET OLD WORLD*** (Chameleon), the follow-up to her 1988 breakthrough record, *Lucinda Williams*, she is able to tackle some weighty topics like suicide and child neglect without the hollow melodrama to which less experienced "singer-songwriters" are often prone. In "Pineola" she details a friend's funeral: "I think I must have picked up a handful of dust and let it fall over his grave." Keeping her voice disarmingly calm, she lets a lone fiddle do the wailing for her.

RAY ROGERS

CD PACKAGING JOINS THE CONSERVATION MOVEMENT

Perhaps CD long-boxes thwarted a few shopliftings. But at twelve and a quarter inches long, the disposable cardboard packages wasted more trees than James Watt on a hatcheting spree. Well, there's some good news: after a two-year effort, a coalition of artists known as Ban the Box (including Genesis, U2, the B-52's, the Grateful Dead, R.E.M., and David Byrne) has scored one for the environment. In April '93, the cardboard package as we know it will be phased out. Several alternatives have surfaced: the Samples' *No Room* (W.A.R.?) is the first commercial release in a snug, non-disposable CD sleeve called C-Case, created with 100 percent recycled materials, printed entirely in soy ink. But a more likely successor to the long-box is the Eco-Pak, which is boxy and long but folds into a permanent "jewel-case" (only the shrink-wrap gets tossed). The first releases available in this earth-friendlier format are Deee-Lite's *Infinity Within* and *Welcome to Wherever You Are* (Atlantic), due out this month from INXS (artwork below).

D.E.

The Eco-Pak will help reduce the 23 million pounds of waste produced annually by the CD long-box.

THROWING MUSES return this month with ***RED HEAVEN*** (Sire/Warner Bros.), but without rhythm guitarist Tanya Donelly they sound like a ghost of their former selves. Apple-cheeked singer **KRISTIN HERSH** has a nasal wisp of a voice that still rises to full-blown belt when necessary, but she appears to have lost the musical fieriness for which the Muses were famous. The raucous brashness of previous records has been muted to a slow, almost folk-like drone. Of the tracks that maintain the band's former spark and crackle, "Dio," a collaboration with Bob Mould, stands out.

REGINA JOSEPH

Against hip-hop's accelerating clock, **EPMD** are aging gracefully. On ***BUSINESS NEVER PERSONAL*** (RAL/Def Jam/Chaos), the duo's fourth, they celebrate their suburban turf. In "Boon Dox" and other songs on this rollicking tribute to their Long Island roots, they ransack pop culture, randomly comparing themselves to city slickers like David Berkowitz, Patrick Swayze, Joe Pesci, Sam Kinison, and Jackie Chan. They have grown generous with the spotlight, showcasing their EpMd-produced protégés **RED MAN**, **K-SOLO**, and duo **DAS EFX**—who offer up this notable analogy: "I got more dick than Van Dyke."

DIMITRI EHRLICH

She's as wholesome as wheat toast and as sweet as a piece of angel food cake. Her voice is deep and soothing, an aural ointment for your lonely soul. She's **MARY-CHAPIN CARPENTER**, and she has a new album called ***COME ON COME ON*** (Columbia). Unlike your typical country songbird, Carpenter has no diva or pop pretensions, no interest in redneck glitz or down-home glamour. She's a savvy storyteller with a guitar, singing away about life's highs and woes—a little corn and some meat and potatoes cooked up with a whole lotta heart.

PETER GALVIN

On ***QUEER*** (4AD/Warner Bros.), British techno trio **WOLFGANG PRESS** energizes brooding melodies with singing synths, taunting samples, and poignant proclamations of social discontent, shaking up the often lifeless electric pop genre in the process. The disc falls flat occasionally, when the band gets stuck on a droning keyboard track or whiny guitar lick—especially in "Birmingham," when front man Mick Allen depresses his vocals to match the monotony. But vibrant instrumentals backing such brash statements as "I'm gonna trash the Pope and bury his career, and sail his boat into the Southern Hemisphere" make anarchy a great dance partner.

KIM AHEARN

Martha Wash: finally, a recording contract of her own.

MARTHA WASH THE NEXT BIG THING

Martha Wash has what might be called a power voice: a mighty, mighty instrument with enough force to send your dancing butt straight to the moon. A diva since the age of two, when she precociously tore through her church's gospel repertoire with the energy of a pint-size Mahalia Jackson, Wash is probably most widely recognized for her stint as one half of the Weather Girls, the generously proportioned duo responsible for the disco nugget "It's Raining Men." Wash also supplied vocals for the group Black Box and for C+C Music Factory's "Gonna Make You Sweat (Everybody Dance Now)," but, she claims, was denied proper credit for her work. Worse than that, according to Wash, was having to endure the spectacle of more-image-worthy (read skinnier) performers lip-synching her voice in videos. Wash sued, and won her own record contract (with RCA) in the process. Her first solo album, bursting with those glorious, skyrocketing vocals, is due out this fall. Now that the only person lip-synching Wash's voice will be Wash herself, is she comfortable with how her physicality will translate to video? The singer's words on the subject are deliciously spare: "I'm large. I am comfortable with that." PETER GALVIN

David Broza will be appearing at New York's Lone Star Roadhouse in August and September.

DAVID BROZA
THE PROMISED VOICE

"I play kind of an Israeli bluegrass, a Hebrew rumba," says singer-songwriter David Broza, whose stark storytelling style is accented by Latin flourishes on his nylon-string guitar. Born in Israel, where his mother was a folksinger, Broza was raised in Franco's Madrid and weaned on American blues-rock. He played a stint with the Israeli army's entertainment corps but later became a musical spokesman at the first rallies for the left-wing Peace Now movement. "But I'm not a political guy," he says. "I don't try to hit anybody, anywhere, except in the heart. I'm a troubadour."

After becoming a mega-platinum success in Israel, Broza emigrated to New York seven years ago to work on his songwriting. Even with his combination of Mediterranean and Appalachian influences, and his penchant for setting poems by Elizabeth Bishop and Theodore Roethke to flamenco-flavored folk, Broza doesn't create conventional world music—it's more like worldly music. "Because of the places I've been, and the way I relate to my surroundings, my music has an ethnicity of its own."

DIMITRI EHRLICH

Photo: **IAN GITTLER**

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MIRAMAX FILMS

This month James Woods stars as a high-class sneak in *Diggstown* and as lawyer Roy Cohn in *Citizen Cohn.*

JAMES WOODS: Hello, Michael, it's Jimmy Woods. **MICHAEL MUSTO: Hi, Jimmy, I miss you.**

JAMES: I miss you, too, Michael. What's going on? **MICHAEL: You're supposed to tell me. I just saw *Citizen Cohn*—HBO showed me a rough cut—so let's start with that. You're so good as Roy Cohn. I mean, what a character. I never thought one person could be self-loathing on so many levels. As a gay, a Jew . . .** **JAMES:** What's more insidious is he's a homophobic gay, an anti-Semitic Jew. I don't think people who are self-loathing are as dangerous as people who are self-loathing but turn that self-destructiveness outward so they don't have to be responsible for it. It's a vampire sociopathology that causes damage in other people's lives. He turned this bilious center outward, spewing destruction everywhere. **MICHAEL: In your research, did you ever come across anyone who said Cohn was actually very nice and charming?** **JAMES:** A lot of people *still* say he was nice. Barbara Walters was engaged to him; they were college sweethearts. He helped a lot of nasty people, and some good ones, out of fixes. He was a fixer. And you know, even if you're a decent person, if you have a sociopath after you, you'll want the toughest, most menacing person working for you. I had that situation once. **MICHAEL: I think I know who you mean. *[laughs]* Is that meshugaas all in your past now?** **JAMES:** My enemies usually don't stay around for long—they learn their lesson really solidly. I lie back for a while, and then let the hammer fall. **MICHAEL: Ouch. Well, I'm not one of your enemies. I'm a fan, I swear. I also caught your new movie, *Diggstown,* and I love that you play a higher-class sneak, a guy who cons a con man. It's vintage Jimmy Woods. The movie seems to be a real crowd-pleaser.** **JAMES:** I know. I said, "Fuck. Is this a hit, finally?" At the screening, people were literally standing up and cheering. I like the film because it has a seedy atmosphere, great twists and turns, and wonderful offbeat, down-and-dirty characters. Bruce Dern is a very bright and funny guy. Oliver Stone . . . I mean Oliver *Platt* is also bright and funny; Oliver Stone is bright and *not* so funny. **MICHAEL: It makes more sense to me as a James Woods movie than *Straight Talk* did. Why on earth did you do that one?** **JAMES:** Dolly Parton is truly one of the most lovely people I've ever met. And, acting with her in that movie, I got to dance, tell jokes, wear some nice suits. It was like a season of summer stock, in the best sense. **MICHAEL: I thought for sure you'd tell me Dolly was a monster. You get nicer every time I talk to you. I'm scared.** **JAMES:** *[laughs]* I've always been nice. When I was younger . . . People who are intimidated by the world and are on their own have to keep up a front, like a little terrier who has to bark loudly because he's smaller than the other dogs. I had no money and no connections, and I felt like a fish out of water, so I had to make a lot of noise to stay alive. Now I speak softly and carry a big bunch of lawyers around me. **MICHAEL: You have a small part in Sir Richard Attenborough's movie *Charlie.* Did you call him Sir Dickie?** **JAMES:** He did ask me to call him Dick. *[laughs]* Robert [Downey Jr.] said, "He hasn't asked *me* to call him Dick." I said, "Your part's not over yet, and anyway, you're gonna win an Oscar, so what are you worrying about?" **MICHAEL: Do you feel lucky that you always seem to be working?** **JAMES:** It's not a matter of luck, just dedication. I work hard, do it well, give it my all. The "me" ethic of modern-day America doesn't understand that you work hard, you get rewarded. What an idea. These days people worry so much about their fucking rights. They should worry more about their responsibilities, and their rights will follow. **MICHAEL: Well, I've got a responsibility to type up this phone conversation.** **JAMES:** We should really get together without a tape recorder sometime. **MICHAEL: I'd love that. Take care, Jimmy.** **JAMES:** Good-bye, Michael. ■

Michael Musto's "La Dolce Musto" column appears each week in *The Village Voice.*

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DESIGN: MIKE MILLS PHOTOS: JOSHUA JORDAN

Who? LU JINGHUA,

one of China's most wanted dissidents, who fled to the United States shortly after participating in the Tiananmen Square demonstration in spring 1989.

What?

Chinese sweatshop workers, whom Lu Jinghua is currently organizing for the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union.

Where?

Manhattan's garment district and Brooklyn's Sunset Park section, where some eight thousand workers are jammed into more than two hundred illegal factories.

Why?

Because the struggle for workers' rights is an international one. Before the national 1989 movement in China which culminated in the June 4 crackdown, Lu had helped run her family's modest but profitable clothing shop in Beijing. She says she was naive and took for granted the inevitability of political reform. The tanks changed her mind. "If you see something happen that's against people's will, then you must speak up for justice." The thirty-one-year-old left behind her husband, parents, a one-year-old daughter, and a ranking of twenty-eight on the Chinese government's list of most wanted dissidents. "I don't tell them about my experiences in China," Lu says of the garment workers she now organizes. "Only that the union will make their lives better."

NATHANIEL WICE

Lu Jinghua: from Beijing to Brooklyn.

Photo: **GREG MILLER**

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RICHARD PANDISCIO'S ONES TO WATCH

FACING IT **lana ogilvie** is big news. She's the first black model to be signed to an exclusive, worldwide print-and-television cosmetics contract. The company she'll be representing (for the next three years) is Covergirl Cosmetics, and the agency that represents *her* is Company Management. The green/hazel–eyed beauty ("The color depends on my mood") was discovered while walking the runway at a benefit at her Toronto all-girls school. Her best friend, photographer Anthony Gordon, loves the way Ogilvie moves "like a jolly, giant fairy," and Albert Watson, who has photographed her with tarantulas crawling on her head, says Ogilvie is "an intelligent model who will work enthusiastically until it's right, because she understands the importance of the final image."

Andy Delaney (center) and Monty Whitebloom prepared for takeoff.

COMMERCIAL SUCCESS **"big tv"** is the name that two English music-video and film directors, **andy delaney** and **monty whitebloom**, both twenty-eight, have given themselves. After a string of enormously popular pop music successes—including videos for Soul II Soul, Duran Duran, Seal, and Paula Abdul (remember the "skinnyvision" controversy? "Big TV" swears Abdul's slenderness was only an expression of their cinematic aesthetic)—they've hit big-time advertising with this summer's Levi's "Big Jeans" commercials. Their work is lush—the visual equivalent of Phil Spector's wall of sound—and always uncannily in sync with the featured artist's vibe. Delaney: "Even if a commercial or video is over in ten blinks, we try to fill every frame with enough nuance that you can pick up on something different every time you watch it." Currently, Delaney and Whitebloom are independently producing a short film on dying called *Vacuum.* Whitebloom: "American films are full of 'Boom, you're dead' scenes. We want to make a film about all the irrational, illogical things that must spin in a person's head as they know their life is coming to an end—a metaphysical story on death under a microscope. It's set on Mars, but it hits close to home."

B'S KNEES Tucked away among the swirldeedoo chairs and thingamabob cabinets at this year's International Contemporary Furniture Fair in New York were the kneeling tables of designer **bryce sanders.** Welded-aluminum legs fold in on themselves to bring the two standard-height tables down to coffee-table size. As a bonus, both tabletops are easily expandable. Sanders says the inspiration for these practical, double-duty pieces was the size of his apartment: tiny. "Exploring furniture and architecture that has flexibility and adaptability and that allows for interaction with the user" is Sanders's goal. The thirty-one-year-old designer, who studied at Columbia University's architecture school, is currently at work on an eighteenth-century-English-style library chair that opens up to become a stepladder. The tables are available through Bryce Sanders Design.

Photos: **ANTHONY GORDON** (Ogilvie); **BIG TV** (BIG TV); **TODD EBERLE** (Sanders)

BRYCE SANDERS; HAIR, ERIC SCOT/TLC PRODUCTIONS MAKEUP: SUSAN GIORDANO/TLC PRODUCTIONS

URBAN OUTFITTERS

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Novelist Robert Plunket talks to the mind-bending director about raising children and *Raising Cain*, his new comedy-chiller

Brian De Palma

Brian De Palma and I both attended Sarah Lawrence College back in the '60s, when we were among the first handful of male students. Even then De Palma was different—focused, self-confident, and businesslike, but not without a certain malicious sense of humor. We all knew he would be successful; we had no idea just *how* successful.

De Palma's first feature, *The Wedding Party* (co-directed by Wilford Leach, then a professor in the theater department), was filmed while he was still at Sarah Lawrence, and released in 1969. Next he embarked on a series of low-budget, improvisational comedies—including *Greetings* (1968) and *Hi, Mom!* (1970)—and began the dark, elegant thrillers that made him famous: *Sisters* (1973), *Carrie* (1976), *Obsession* (1976), *Dressed to Kill* (1980). By the '80s he was one of Hollywood's top directors, making "important" and often controversial films such as *Scarface* (1983), *The Untouchables* (1987), *Casualties of War* (1989), and the $50 million *The Bonfire of the Vanities* (1990), which even De Palma admits was a disaster.

The night before our interview, I saw *Raising Cain*, De Palma's first movie since *Bonfire*. It's a return to his classic thriller period, only more so. John Lithgow plays a man who is raising his child according to some extreme psychological theories; Lolita Davidovich plays his wife, who's getting worried: it seems his father did the same thing, with appalling results. *Raising Cain* revels in all the De Palma trademarks: flashbacks, nightmares, murder, and cross-dressing.

We talked in De Palma's office in Santa Monica. Except for his whitened hair, he seemed remarkably the same as when I'd last seen him, some twenty years ago. The minute he looked at me, though, I could tell he was in a very wary mood . . .

INTERVIEW: Do you remember when you directed that scene in my movie [*Mademoiselle Rimbaud*, 1971], in New York?

BRIAN DE PALMA: Was that the one we shot in some apartment on the West Side?

I: Right. On Riverside Drive.

BD: Yes. Jon Avnet was there.

I: Because I remember you were so good with the equipment—thank God. And now Avnet is a movie director, too.

BD: Right.

I: Amazing. So I saw *Raising Cain* last night.

BD: Oh, you did?

I: Yes. It's quite a movie.

BD: What does that mean? *Quite a movie . . .*

I: Well, you're going back to your roots.

BD: Is that what it seems like?

I: Doesn't it seem like that to you?

BD: Yeah. I basically had this idea, and it took me, like, a couple of years to work it out, and then I sat down and wrote it out and made it.

I: Is *Raising Cain* the "suspense movie set on a playground" mentioned in *The Devil's Candy* [Julie Salamon's book on the making of *Bonfire*]?

BD: I don't know. I didn't read *The Devil's Candy.*

I: Why not?

BD: I lived it. I didn't have to read about it. Maybe in ten years.

I: You're not tempted?

BD: I see it in bookstores occasionally, and I think about it, and I sort of pick it up and look at a few sentences, and it brings it all back, and I put it down.

I: Did the book get you in trouble? *[no answer]* Melanie Griffith didn't call you up and yell at you?

BD: No, I didn't hear that she had.

I: So it really didn't make that much of a dent in your life?

BD: I don't know about that. I just had to sort out all the feelings about what had happened, and I didn't need any more information. I still haven't really analyzed the whole thing yet, and it will probably take me years to figure it out. But what I have gleaned so far is that in attempting to broaden what I thought was the appeal of the movie and make the characters not as unlikable as they were depicted in the book—and in trying to make a big, glossy movie—I undercut the intention of the original material. And, in retrospect, that was a terrible mistake.

I: Something that was unclear from *The Devil's Candy* is how much input you had into the *Bonfire* script.

BD: No, no, no. You cannot blame the studio or the writer or anyone else. I'm a big, grown-up boy, and basically I had a bad idea. I should have made the movie the way the book was, and I didn't. It should have been more like *Sweet Smell of Success*, which is now considered a masterwork—although at the time it was a very uncommercial movie. What I did [with *Bonfire*] was neither fish nor fowl, and it made a lot of people *very* angry.

I: How did you take it, personally?

BD: It was traumatic. When you do something you think is right and you find out it's completely wrong, it kind of shakes up your confidence.

I: On one level, *Raising Cain* is about parents and children and how they should be raised. After writing fiction for ten years, the one thing I have discovered as far as motivation and character goes is that everything is explained by the way your parents raise you. Do you agree?

BD: To some extent, I agree. It's a great rationalization for all our behavior to say, They did it to me, and they're responsible for all my problems and neuroses and whatever. But ultimately in your life you have to realize that your parents were human beings, and they made mistakes and did good things and bad things, and when you become an adult you have to sort of take all that information in, and then say, "O.K., I know this. Now I have to take responsibility for who I am and what I do." Your parents were not archetypes. They were not there to torture or abuse you, or to love you too much. They were just leading their own lives. And as you have your own children, you begin to see that very clearly.

I: You have a daughter, right?

BD: Yes.

I: How old is she?

BD: Eleven months.

I: Lolita?

BD: Mmm-hmm.

I: Is she named after Nabokov's Lolita or Lolita Davidovich or . . . ?

BD: No, no, she's named after my wife's mother.

I: And your wife [Gale Anne Hurd] produced the movie.

BD: Yes.

I: Did you and she get along while she was producing it?

BD: Oh, very much so. She is a good producer for this type of film. She has a real feel for it and really

Illustration: **JUAN BOTAS**

"Twins. Schizophrenics. Doubles. I have no idea why they exist in my work. Those things fascinate me continually."

enjoys this kind of playing with the audience and scaring them, having fun with them.

I: You know, I live in Sarasota, which is where your mother lives.

BD: Right.

I: I've never met her. Should I?

BD: I don't think so. I don't think that's necessary.

I: She remarried, I believe.

BD: Yes, but her second husband died.

I: What does she do there?

BD: She's retired and enjoying herself.

I: Your father was a doctor.

BD: Yes.

I: Is he still alive?

BD: Yes, he is.

I: And he wrote a novel.

BD: Yes.

I: What's it about?

BD: Sort of a medical thriller.

I: Is this the first thing he'd written?

BD: Oh, he's written many medical books.

I: But this was the first—

BD: Fiction. And he's also written a second book now.

I: And what's it about?

BD: Again, another medical thriller.

I: Why are you interested in twins in your films?

BD: It all has to do with sibling rivalry, and *Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* and good and evil, and all kinds of things.

I: You have two brothers.

BD: Mmm-hmm.

I: And what do they do?

BD: One paints and teaches painting in Northern California, and the other has designed an energy machine.

I: What were you like when you were in high school?

BD: Very interested in science fairs, and building projects. Very competitive with my brothers. Ran the lights for the school play. I was on the service committee, which is sort of a Quaker committee to do projects in the community. I was trying to touch all bases.

I: Were you raised as a Quaker?

BD: No.

I: What was your religious background?

BD: Presbyterian. But that had little effect on me. I don't even remember it. I remember going to meeting every week.

I: Where do you get your story ideas from?

BD: Sometimes I get a visual idea and sometimes a thematic idea. With *Raising Cain,* I knew a child psychologist who got very obsessed with his daughter as she was growing up and quit work and stayed home to spend all his time with the child, which made his wife wonder if he was getting obsessed with the child.

So that opened an interesting idea: a psychologist starts to use his own children as a kind of a lab. It made me think of the whole Skinner idea, when he placed children in those cribs. And then you go back to movies like *Peeping Tom.* [*Raising Cain* is about] a psychologist who is studying fear and tries all kinds of things to traumatize his own son and, of course, turns him into a psychopath. I'd done schizophrenics before, and I thought, "What about multiple personalities, where you have a whole *bunch* of people running around?" And who is real and who isn't? That's how it evolved.

I: But is there a good Brian and a bad Brian? ***[no answer]*** **Well, let me rephrase that—**

BD: I think a lot of my work has a kind of good and evil. But I don't think that you can apply it directly to the author in that sense. You find out about these things as you do them, and when you look at the movie years later, you see similarities and recurring themes. Twins. Schizophrenics. Doubles. I have no idea why they exist in my work. They just always do. Those things fascinate me continually. But to root it so easily and psychologically in your own past is a little too simplistic and analytical. You don't know why you put a blue chair over in the corner. And I don't want to sit and dig it out, either. I just happen to like blue chairs in corners! *[laughs]*

I: Jung would have a reason for why the blue chair was in the corner.

BD: But that's something I am not particularly interested in knowing. That doesn't help me do my work. I think a lot of creative synergies have no explanation; there's just something that seems aesthetically right.

I: So a certain amount of it is arbitrary.

BD: No, not arbitrary. It's just something that is part of you that you imbue your work with, and you have no exact analytical reason why.

I: But that doesn't worry you.

BD: It isn't so much that it doesn't worry me. I think there are certain questions that have a multitude of answers, and you can speculate on them from all different points of view. But I don't think that's really helpful in the creative process. You just let your mind flow. I'll be thinking about a problem, and then in the middle of the night I'll wake up with the solution. And I don't have a clue how it all works. It just works.

I: Do you pay attention to your dreams?

BD: If I'm really worried about something, it's usually pretty specifically represented in a dream. It's not, like, "What is that dark person standing in the doorway?"

I: When I write a book, I always write in the first person. And to a certain degree, I have to become that person, and I have to look for that person inside me. So there is a multiple-personality thing going on when you're doing that, which I find very liberating.

BD: I am very much a person who can see the serious side of something and also the comedic, which is represented in the attitude of my movies. There's something serious going on, and yet somebody is saying, "This is ridiculous!"

I: If, as an artist, you deal in something a little unusual and offbeat, people for some reason seem to believe that—

BD: You're unusual and offbeat.

I: And I'm not saying you *aren't.* But I don't think that's really a major problem in your life. How do you deal with the misogyny accusations that have been made against you?

BD: A lot of things happen because of the political climate of the times, and years later you look back and say, "What's all the fuss about?" When I made *Body Double* [1984], it seemed to represent something particularly abhorrent to people at that time, and everybody jumped on it. I really haven't had to deal with that in recent years, because it wasn't such an issue in *Wise Guys* [1986] and *The Untouchables* and *Casualties of War* and *Bonfire.*

I use women in my movies like you would use them in a Victorian melodrama. You know—the innocent woman in the dark house with the monster running around.

All those classic clichés seem to me to work. I had no particular ax to grind in terms of violence against women, though, needless to say, I got accused of it over the years. To me, it was like something that was part of the genre from *The Perils of Pauline* on up.

I: Do you agree with Hitchcock that actors are like cattle?

BD: Oh, no, I don't think that's true at all. Especially in a movie like *Raising Cain,* which has such a lot of difficult exposition; if [actress] Frances Sternhagen weren't doing it, God knows how we'd ever get through it.

I: So you think there are certain actors who are irreplaceable in making the material work.

BD: Absolutely!

I: Do you rehearse actors a lot?

BD: You try to rehearse as many people as you can. But sometimes they're not available, or it becomes too expensive. But actors, of course, will rehearse whenever. They love to rehearse, and I love to rehearse them—I would rehearse them till the cows came home!

I: Where do you live now?

BD: Northern California.

I: Why there?

BD: Because Gale went to Stanford. It has great bookstores because it's a big university town. My brother lives up in that area. It's very pleasant, it's very rustic. And we have a child, so we have a house with a lawn and a pool and stuff like that. And it has something that I am very interested in, which is software and hardware for my computers.

I: Who do you hang out with?

BD: My wife, my child, my brother and his family up there, and I have some friends who come and stay occasionally and go in and out.

I: Did I ask you which of your movies is your favorite?

BD: Oh, please!

I: All right, I won't.

BD: *[snorts]*

I: Although I know which one is my favorite.

BD: Which?

I: I would have to say *Sisters.*

BD: Yeah, a lot of people say that. Interesting.

I: How do you feel about things like analysis?

BD: Helpful.

I: Would you do it?

BD: I have done it.

I: And it's helped?

BD: Oh, yeah. Very helpful.

I: I've done it twice, and both times it was kind of unsuccessful, because I felt I was a little smarter than the doctor.

BD: You must never lie to your doctor.

I: Well . . . I think that's about it.

BD: Pshew!

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THE INTERPRETATION OF CREAMS

Nature: The sun and our desire to bask in it.

Needed: Ideas to reduce damage from the sun's harmful rays.

Not Necessarily Nixed: Coco Chanel's belief that a tan is the ultimate accessory.

Nurture: All the various sun-care products pictured here, which caress, baby, and coddle *while* they protect. Used to be, only tanning lotions contained sunblock. This summer, it seems everything does: lipstick, hair gel, make-up base, hand cream, baby oil.

News: A futuristic generation of sun-activated "self-tanners" that shield you from damaging ultraviolet radiation while managing to turn you brown instead of the orange color that old-generation tanners used to produce.

Nice: Rockabilly singer-songwriter Geoff Thompson's brand-new line of face- and body-care products, including wholesome options such as cucumber face cleanser, licorice shave, and tangerine shampoo. His products are biodegradable, "cruelty free," and packaged in recyclable containers. They're available nationally, under the name "Men"—but anyone with skin and a conscience may enjoy them. Thompson is shopping for a new record deal and plans to release a self-titled album of '50s rock classics early next year.

Now: You can say good-bye to solarphobia.

Next: Night creams as enlightened as moonbeams. STEPHEN GRECO

HAIR AND MAKEUP: RICKY LEE/OZ STYLING: MARIUCCIA CASADIO MODEL: ANOUK DIRKSE/COMPANY PHOTO ASSISTANT: TODD SHAW

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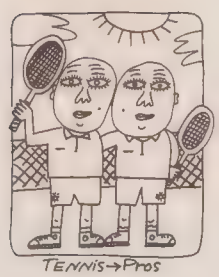

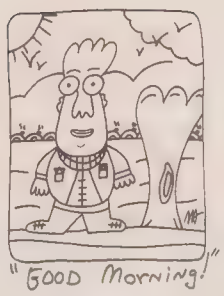

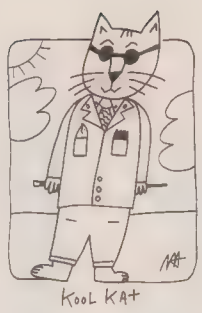

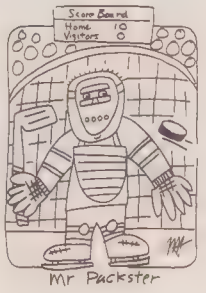

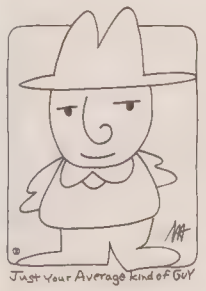

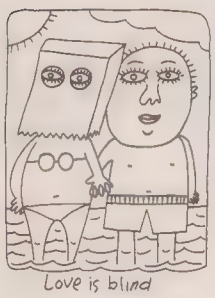

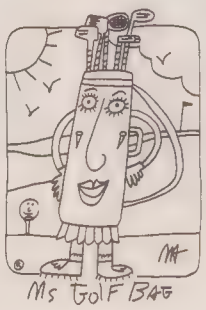

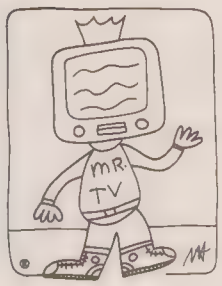

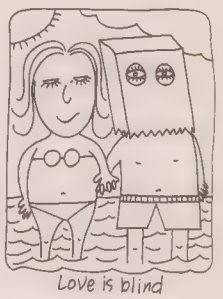

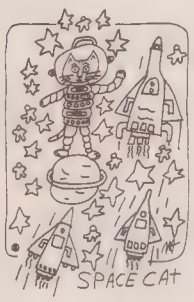

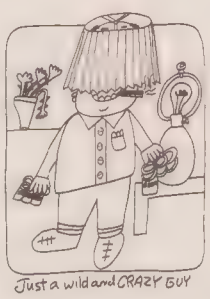

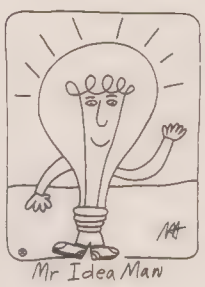

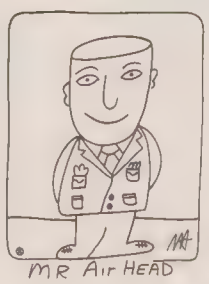

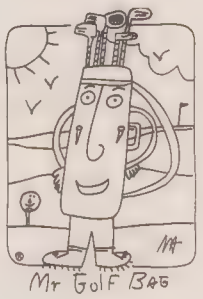

HAUSERWARE!

These are, like, brand-new, so until your local retailer carries them, you can order direct from me. Just pick your favorite designs from this page. It'll take 2 to 4 weeks, and the T-shirts cost $25.00 apiece, the mock turtlenecks $37.00 apiece, plus $3.00 each shipping and handling. They are the best heavy preshrunk cotton. Be sure to tell me if you want black-on-white, or white-on-black—one big size fits everybody! I'll need your name, address and phone, and your check or money order, of course—or we can send 'em C.O.D. Here's where I am:

Marc Hauser
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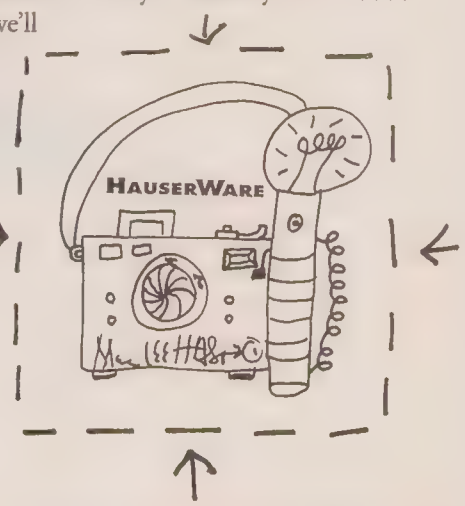
Hi! I'm Marc—remember me from the ties? Well, I'm back with T-shirts and long-sleeved mock turtlenecks in a whole lot of different designs. See? They're all around here. Order one, order two, order a whole bunch! They're black & white—just like my best snapshots—and the shirts will soon be followed by sweatshirts, sweatpants, nightshirts, bermudas, briefs, boxer shorts, and bomber jackets. I'm even thinking of designing a set of oven mitts for my mom—maybe for your mom, too!

We are looking for quality retail outlets. If you are a buyer, call me or my uncle Billy at 226-7777 (312) and we'll tell you all about our deals. I bet we can make one with you!



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My lawyer tells me I have to say this—Copyright Hauserware 1992—so I did. Is that OK, Bernie?

wet t-shirts (no contest)

With the ocean or sprinklers or hydrants as partner, a wet T-shirt is the second skin of summer. It is style almost as natural as a birthday suit, and it cools you down even more. Of course, if you really want to be cool, you'll need a shirt that can stand up to the competition. So take a gander at these tees. Wet or dry, they'll do a body proud.

MARK MARVEL

a

d

i

b

e

g

j

c

f

h

k

a. Jason Lee looks to the future in a cotton tee by Sonia Rykiel.
b. Mark Lewman runs the waves in a cotton jersey mock pullover by Esprit.
c. Megan Baltimore catches the spirit in a cotton tee by Armani Jeans.

d. Mark Lewman tests his density in a concert T-shirt from Prince's 1992 European tour.
e. Photographer Spike Jonze finds new height in a beige Stone Island cotton tee; beside and below him, Megan keeps her feet on the ground in a cotton T-shirt from Fez by Andrew Fezza.
f. Jana Rajlich works a "10" pose in a cotton pocket tee from the Gap.

g. Cherie Westrich shows off her tag from Calvin Klein Sport.
h. Cherie sifts sand in a tee by Paul Smith.

i. Jason comes to attention in a cotton Banana Republic tee (the pail is his own).
j. Jana gets splashed in a T-shirt by Yohji Yamamoto.
k. Mark and Jason see if one Banana Republic T-shirt is enough.

Photos: **SPIKE JONZE**

Jason takes a load off his feet in a Banana Republic tee.

TIE ONE ON

These tie-sporting models were photographed at 44, the Royalton hotel restaurant, where they are waiters and waitresses

Photos ULI WEBER

1 Jessica Kimberly (Donna Karan) 2 Thu Tran (Gene Meyer)
3 Kristin Moreau (Matsuda) 4 Glenn Schoenhals (Yves Saint Laurent)
5 Kattarintr Roongpanarat (Hermès) 6 Bernard Sartori (Gene Meyer)
7 Jean-Philippe Cajuste (Gene Meyer) 8 Divani Cabral (Gucci)
9 Robert Leinweber (Donna Karan) 10 Gerardo Robelo (Valentino)

"Great tie." Try the line: it's an unfailing introduction, extolling one of fashion's chief billboards of personality. A necktie is the subconscious woven in palpable stuff, character draped and knotted, staring one in the face. In fact, the tie is the garment for which male idiosyncrasy is most often held in regard. These sixteen trapezoidal concoctions of color, pattern, and texture—some of the best we've seen for fall—seem to express an infinity of individual preference. Isn't it nice to know that self-reassurance is just a few twists and a tug away? JOHN FARLEY

1 Divani Cabral (the Gap) 2 Susan Wanzer (Paul Stuart)
3 Jennie Holland (Countess Mara) 4 Bernard Fischer (Romeo Gigli)
5 Mark Grodberg (Paul Smith) 6 Robert Leinweber (Iceberg)

FOR FASHION DETAILS, SEE PAGE 109. THANKS TO JONATHAN HAHNIAS AND THE STAFF AT 44

CHRISTINE VANDERHURD

Photo: Rob Gray

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BILL CLINTON

What fans and foes of the Democratic presidential candidate say about his birthday

What comes once a year on August 19? Bill Clinton's birthday. Other than the presidency, what do you give an Arkansas politico who's had it all?

Ann McCoy, the Arkansas Governor's Mansion administrator and person in charge of its menus and fetes, described the typical Bill Clinton birthday celebration. "We have the formal dining room here at the mansion all decorated with balloons," she says. "His daughter, Chelsea, who's twelve, always helps decorate. We have the meal family style. If they want to have a picnic, they might even do that. Governor Clinton pretty much likes all foods—he's not real particular. He has some favorites, however: chicken enchiladas, and he always likes a good steak and a baked potato. And pound cake, because he doesn't eat chocolate."

Even if the Clintons *do* opt for the picnic with enchiladas this year, these birthday plans sound pretty quiet for a Democratic Party presidential nominee, so we thought we'd add a few birthday messages from some of his heavy-hitting peers. We called Mike Dukakis, who with his assistant at Northeastern University offered this proclamation: "Best wishes on your birthday. Next year we celebrate in the East Room. —Mike Dukakis." Torie Clarke, the Bush-Quayle campaign press secretary, sent a few pointed birthday regards: "We'd give him a clue, a message, home-baked cookies, a lifetime supply of Slim-Fast, phone-sex lessons, a toll-free number for Domino's Pizza, and a one-way airplane ticket to Arkansas." And Merel Bonger of the Perot Petition Committee dispatched these 100 percent Perot bons mots: "Hope you have a happy birthday, from all of us here."

Of course, birthday regards are always more intimate when you say it with flowers. Gennifer Flowers.

INTERVIEW: Any special message for the Governor on his birthday?

GENNIFER FLOWERS: I would just like to say, "Happy Birthday, Darling, from Pookie." He'll understand, believe me.

I: Is there any birthday present you think Governor Clinton would really want?

GF: He loves clothes. And he has a lot of special interests. And there were things that I would love to have given him. I gave him flowers on occasion.

I: If you could have given him a special present, what would it be?

GF: I probably might have had a portrait made of the two of us together, for his office or for home. A painting, you know—something that he could keep and treasure forever.

I: Any cakes?

GF: I don't spend my time baking cakes.

JEFFREY SLONIM

Will the Clintons' birthday wishes come true?

PHOTO: IRA WYMAN/SYGMA

B I J A N
B A H A R

Carved Acrylic Height: 17.5" Width: 19" Depth: 4" Edition Size:190

Bijan Bahar, the premier contemporary acrylic sculptor of our time, has created yet another timeless work of art in "DANCER". Bijan's sculptures can be found in the Smithsonian Institute, the Baccarat Museum of Paris, the Newport Harbor Art Museum, and numerous major private and corporate art collections around the world.

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to make it happen

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Interview

could present it

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and much more,

is on its way . . .

photograph by Karl Lagerfeld

in September Interview

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*saturday:
10am - 1pm

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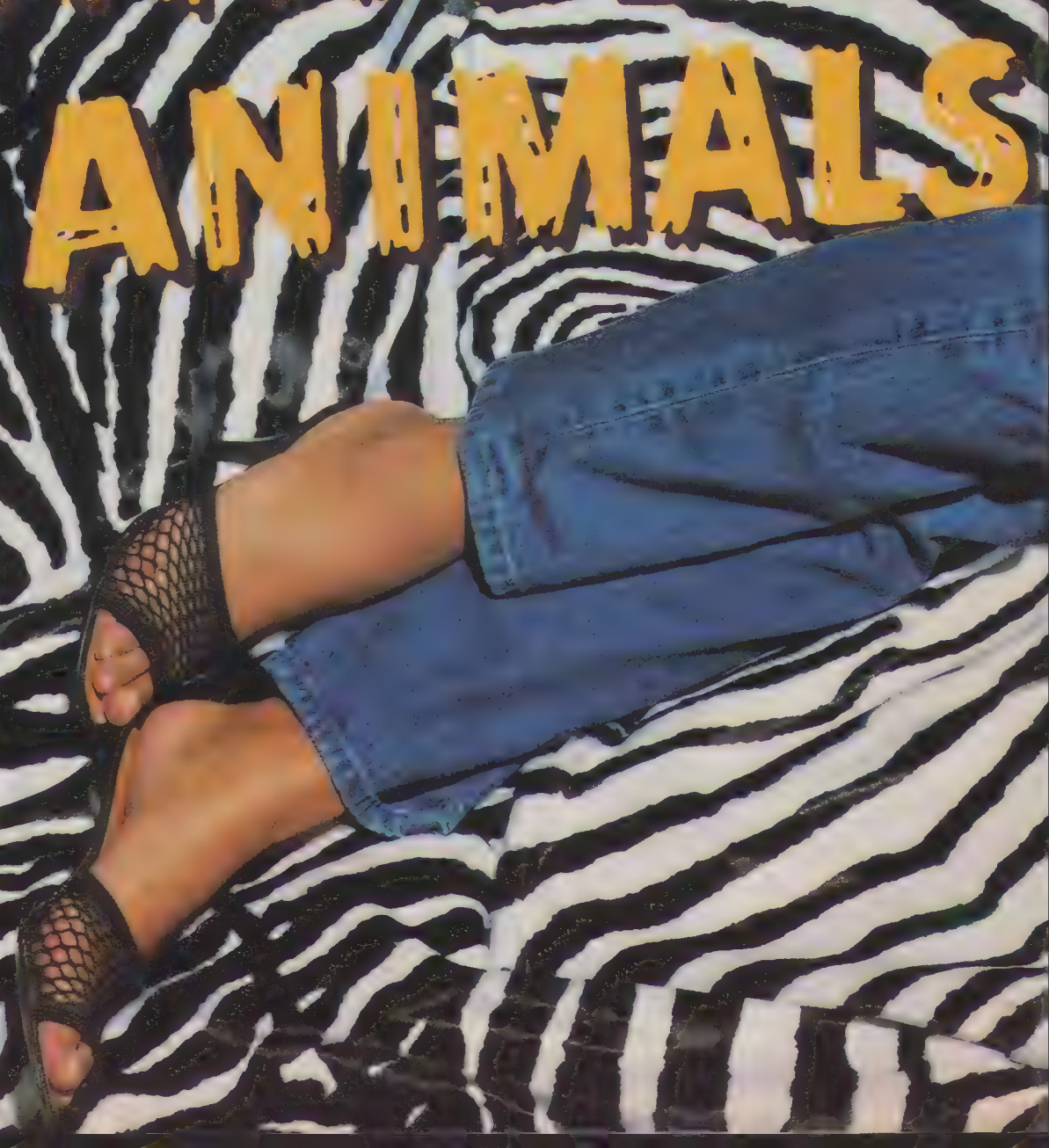

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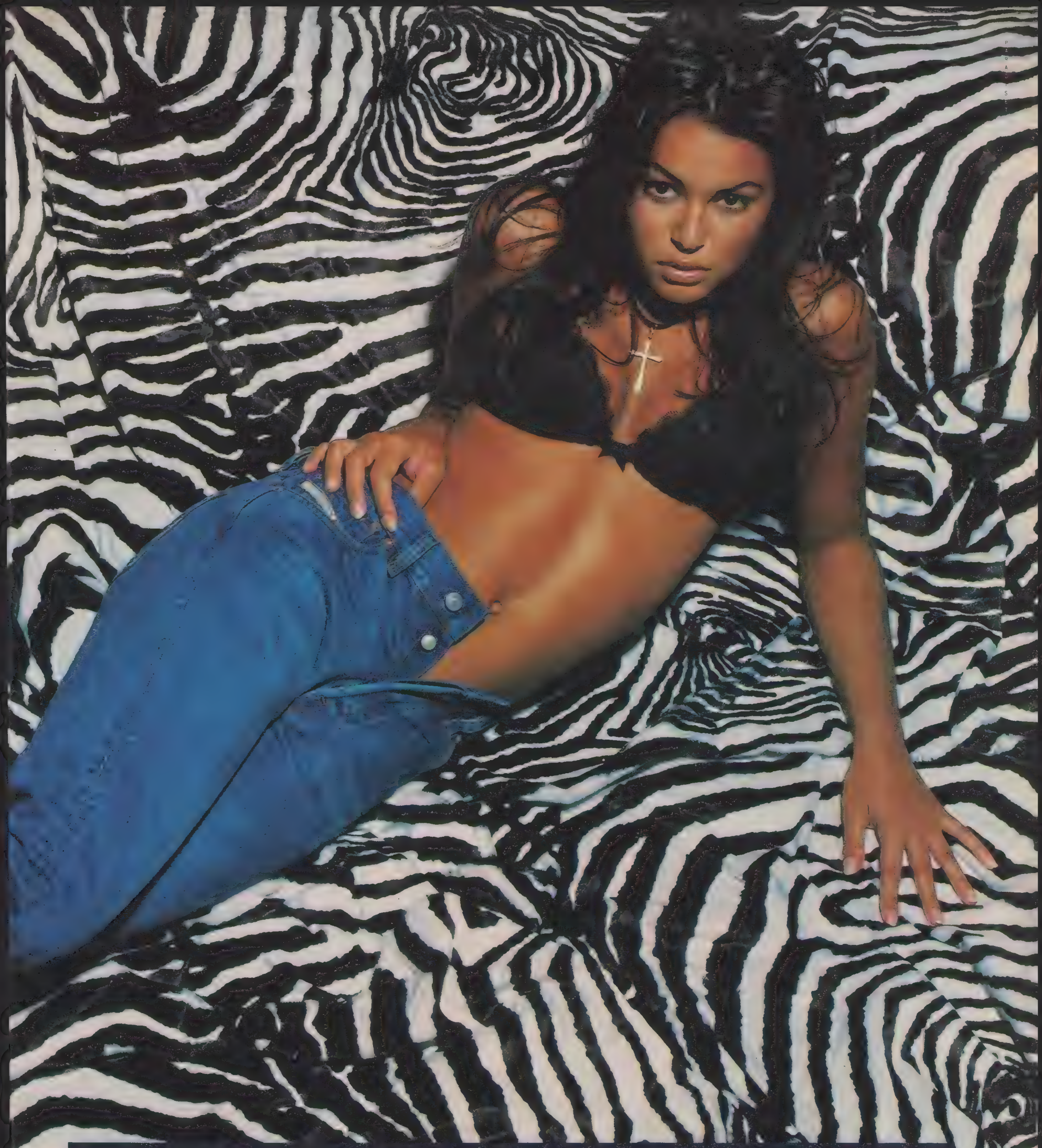


We all want a safer world. So, come on, let's build more zoos. 1000's of them! Right now, there are far too many dangerous animals running around, wasting space, wasting time, using the planet as a toilet! Take our advice, don't be fooled by "natural" beauty, stick'em in practical, easy-to-clean metal cages.

SHOPPING MALLS, MEGA PARKING-LOTS, GOLF COURSES!.. ISN'T THAT WHAT THE WILDERNESS IS FOR?

Interview's

Cookout

Exclusive!

We cordially invite you to peek at the way three very different entertainers do that delicious rite of August: the **barbecue.**

We've got America's first lady of good livin', MARTHA STEWART, putting on a bash as only she knows how;

We've got England's cookingest band, NEW ORDER, showing you their grill style;

&

We've got everybody's favorite big-time underground star, LYPSINKA, in a photographic performance that proves her talent for setting the world on fire.

martha stewart **Who knows more about the expressive potential of a barbecue than editor and style connoisseur Martha Stewart? She graciously allowed our photographer to shoot one of her barbecues, featured this month in her magazine, *Martha Stewart Living*.**

INTERVIEW: **What's the biggest mistake you can make in planning a barbecue?**

MARTHA STEWART: You can be way too fancy and spend too much money on decorations.

I: **The barbecue supposedly recapitulates the primal scene of communally killing and eating a beast.**

MS: Oh, I can see that. Like the South American *asado,* where they cook a whole cow—entrails and everything. But what we did for the shoot was more refined—a cocktail-barbecue.

I: **What's that blue stuff we see you pouring in the photograph?**

MS: Oh, my Blue Parrot? The idea came from the Blue Parrot café in East Hampton. It's really a fresh-fruit margarita colored with curaçao.

I: **Sounds lovely. And it plays well on a green lawn.**

MS: It does, doesn't it? STEPHEN GRECO

Photograph by Todd Eberle

Interview's

Cookout

Exclusive!

new order

When it's sausage-snarfing time at Peter Gabriel's Real World studios in Bath, England, where the band New Order is making its sixth album for Warner Bros. (due out early next year), bassist and singer Peter Hook is likely to talk with his mouth full.

INTERVIEW: Would you say that you guys eat well?

PETER HOOK: Oh, yes, we're a right bunch of fat bastards now, mate. We're inundated with things to eat. It's always the same, isn't it? As soon as you get successful, people give you everything. When you haven't got a bean, they won't give you anything.

I: Who cooks when the band has a barbecue?

PH: We're not very good at cooking. We tend to

buy everything out of packets, so we just bribe them in the studio kitchen to make it for us.

I: Do you still eat meals together when you're not on the road?

PH: Funny thing is, as we've gotten older, we've become more sociable. Before, when we were working together all the time, we would very rarely see one another outside of work. But now that we've had a lot of time off, we actually spend some time together at meals. After all these years we've actually become friends again.

I: Did your family barbecue often when you were young?

PH: No, no. The only barbecue we ever had was when the house next door burned down.

DIMITRI EHRLICH

New Order, left to right: Stephen Morris, Simon, Gillian Gilbert, Bernard Sumner, Doug, Rob Gretton, Peter Hook, and a friend.

Photograph by Nick Waplington

Interview's

Cookout

Exclusive!

Lypsinka **On a weekend afternoon, on the terrace of her country home, Lypsinka lights up the grill the same way she lights up stages, screens, and televisions the world over.**

INTERVIEW: Who might be a typical guest at one of your barbecues?

LYPSINKA: I like to invite my agent's children over now and then. The man works so hard. It gives him and his wife a day off.

I: Did you have barbecues as a kid?

L: Oh, yes. But, you know, I'm from a very poor family from the Lower East Side, so we just barbecued right on the street.

I: And what would you cook? Wieners?

L: Wieners, and chicken. Of course, now I'm barbecuing tofu pups. They're shaped like hot dogs, but they're made of tofu.

I: Are they delicious?

L: Well, it depends on what you put on them.

I: What do you like on your tofu pup?

L: Chutney.

I: That sounds horrible! Do you have a favorite song to lip-synch at a barbecue?

L: Joey Heatherton's version of "Light My Fire."

I: Do you have pyromaniacal tendencies?

L: As a child I did. I would build fires in the street, in the gutter on Avenue A, taking delight in seeing twigs and leaves and sticks go up in flames.

I: And would you just let it rage?

L: Well, it really wasn't ever that big, but I would just watch it, you know, intensely.

PETER GALVIN

HAIR: MAX PINNELL/BUMBLE+BUMBLE MAKEUP: JOE McDEVITT/KRAMER+KRAMER MANICURIST: SHERIL BAILY/JED ROOT LYPSINKA'S WARDROBE: ANTHONY WONG MODELS: BRITTANY RENÉE FINAMORE AND KERRI ANN MANNINO, BOTH FROM FORD CHILDREN, AND WADE OATS DOG: COURTESY OF CHAL PIVIK AND BILL CRAWFORD JEWELRY: ROBERT SORRELL STYLING: JAMES SCHUETTE PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE HOME OF SEAN STRUB

Photograph by Hugh Hales-Tooke

TIM ROBBINS

His portrayal of a rising studio executive in Robert Altman's *The Player* set Hollywood on its ear. Now, with *Bob Roberts*—his hilarious, dead-on satire of the American political system—writer, director, and star Tim Robbins is right on target again, and just in time. Interview by Susan Morgan

Photographs by Kurt Markus

"What would you call someone who appoints people to whittle away at our constitutional rights? I would call that person a dangerous, anti-American radical. Reagan and Bush have done exactly that."

Tim Robbins arrived for our meeting at a comfortable Manhattan restaurant wearing a fatigues-green golf shirt, faded jeans, and sneakers and carrying a guitar case and a stack of posters—campaign posters for Bob Roberts, the fictional neo-Conservative folksinger/senatorial candidate Robbins plays in *Bob Roberts*, a film he also wrote and directed. In his two most recent roles—Bob Roberts and Griffin Mill, the conniving and insidious studio executive at the pitch-black heart of Robert Altman's *The Player*—Robbins has perfected a comedic portrayal of the corruption of the American soul that sets a searing tone for cultural and political satire in the '90s. He has also worn a lifetime's worth of power suits. "All the nice clothes I own are from these movies," he admits.

The son of a folksinger father (Gil Robbins, a member of the Highwaymen—who sang "Michael (Row the Boat Ashore)"—appears as a Bible-thumping minister in *Bob Roberts*) and a publishing executive mother, Robbins grew up in Greenwich Village, not far from where he now lives with Susan Sarandon, their two wee sons, and Sarandon's seven-year-old daughter, Eva.

At twelve, Robbins started spending his summer vacations performing improvisational agitprop off the back of a flatbed truck with the Theater for the New City. Later, Robbins studied acting at UCLA and co-founded the alternative L.A. theater company the Actors' Gang. With their first production, a revival of Alfred Jarry's *Ubu Roi*—the influential presurrealist epic that dares to reduce the high drama of a classic history play to outrageous buffoonery and baby talk—the Gang gained a reputation for political commentary laced with acid humor.

Robbins has continued to work with the Gang as an actor, writer, and director, while moving on to create memorable and astonishingly irony-free performances on film. In *Five Corners* (1988), he played an earnest pacifist whose dream of peace is born from his father's violent death. As *Bull Durham*'s "Nuke" Laloosh (also 1988), the baseball player with a powerful but out-of-control pitching arm, Robbins glowed with dull wit and unfocused desire, and in *Jacob's Ladder* (1990), he played a Vietnam vet riddled with nightmare images of war.

In both *The Player* and *Bob Roberts*, Robbins creates characters whose blind ambition and moral destitution are toxic by-products of the '80s me-über-alles ethic.

Bob Roberts is a New Right "rebel" whose past is a road map of Reagan and Bush high crimes and misdemeanors. Through the course of this campaign "documentary," candidate Roberts is linked to failed S&Ls, the misuse of low-interest housing and urban development loans, and covert drug- and gun-running operations into and out of Central America—all carried out through a front organization that claims to be fighting the war on drugs. Sound familiar? Scheduled for U.S. release in September, *Bob Roberts* premiered earlier this year at Cannes and won critical acclaim for its sharp, hilarious indictment of the abuse of power and decay of the democracy in the American political system.

SUSAN MORGAN: After chronicling the media nightmare of Bob Roberts's creepy campaign trail, you end the movie with a visual coda—one word, spelled out big, in black and white: VOTE.

TIM ROBBINS: The disillusionment of the voter is a real problem in this country. Most people are making the decision whether or not to vote based on the top two candidates for president. If they don't like the candidates for president, they don't vote. That's a huge mistake: there are so many other issues on the ballot, so many other candidates in your own community who can affect your life in a direct way.

Change isn't going to occur by electing a Democrat or an Independent [to the White House]—and it's definitely not going to happen by electing a Republican—but it can happen by empowering the local community, by electing the right people to go to Washington. If there were fifty more representatives in the House and ten more senators sympathetic to the needs of the electorate, it wouldn't matter who was president; the House and Senate could override any veto on any bill. It would be a true representative democracy. But I don't think Bush and the Republican party want people to vote. And there seems to be a fear of voting now, too.

SM: It's a fear of participating on the most basic level. People have actually told me that they've never registered to vote because they're afraid it causes tax audits or jury duty.

TR: It's this "get government off our back" attitude, which was the biggest lie of the Reagan years. This government *is* truly on our backs, *because* of Reagan's and Bush's appointments to the Supreme Court. Our civil liberties are being eroded. In many states, the police can now search your home without reasonable cause.

SM: In California.

TR: In Los Angeles, I've been stopped and had my car searched. Why? Because of this fictitious war on drugs that we are fighting. The emotional issue of the drug war is used to justify taking away civil rights.

And what would you call someone who appoints people to whittle away at our constitutional rights? I would call that person a dangerous, anti-American radical. Reagan and Bush have done exactly that, but you never hear them referred to as radical or anti-American.

SM: Following the 1969 Watts riots, Reagan was elected as the law-and-order governor. And with the recent L.A. riots, the response was to call in the National Guard and militarize the situation. Someone from northern Iraq told me that Bush, on his official visit to L.A., acted like "the dictator of any Third World country."

TR: Bush is very clever. When the debate should have been about the deterioration of our cities and the lack of action by government, he sent in his idiot to make an outrageous statement about Murphy Brown.

SM: It's like a puppet show. "Hey, kids! Look over here!"

TR: "Look at the idiot!" It was very smart, because the press was suddenly all over that. Just as everything was getting serious, and we were going to deal with some issues, they sent in the clown. And everyone bought it. What was he talking about? A fictional character on a television show? Listen, there's no question that Quayle is an uneducated idiot. But someone, somewhere, cleverly realized that the best diversion from Bush is to put on a clown show. The L.A. riots were very unsettling for people, because no one there was able to drive to work anymore without seeing a reminder of how troubled the city is.

SM: When did you live in L.A.?

TR: I went out there to work when I was nineteen and officially had to support myself. I got a job in a warehouse on the morning shift: worked from 4 A.M. until one or two in the afternoon,

"This 'get government off our back' attitude was the biggest lie of the Reagan years. This government is truly on our backs, because of Reagan's and Bush's appointments to the Supreme Court."

went home, drank beer, went to sleep, got up, and went to work again. That experience really motivated me to go back to college.

Then I lived in L.A. from '78 until '87. It can be a great city, if you really pursue it and actively seek out what is happening. I think New York City is a pretty hostile place [in which] to learn as a young artist. You're not allowed to fail. In Los Angeles, there is a very supportive artistic environment. The Actors' Gang was really nurtured out there. I don't think we could have survived in New York.

SM: How long have you been part of the Gang?

TR: This is our eleventh year. When we started, our common bond was music. In the early '80s, when we were all listening to punk rock, we did our first production—*Ubu Roi*. It's an amazing play. There is no polite way to do it. We had a lot of grotesque acts of violence, heads chopped off and plenty of blood. *Ubu* is also a very ugly play that can consume you as a performer. There was a lot of bile flowing around the dressing room. It's a wonder we survived it.

I could see doing *Ubu Roi* again, because it is so much about our times.

SM: What are you doing next with the Actors' Gang?

TR: They are doing Georg Büchner's *Woyzeck*. It's very exciting, because we're now in a situation where we have a theater on Santa Monica Boulevard and an audience that keeps returning. I'm serving as artistic director; I'll consult directors on design and interpretation, but I'll give them free reign and try not to get in the way. I'm also able to help support them financially. We plan to do a staged reading and a radio broadcast of a play I wrote called *Mayhem*. It's about Columbus and the Gulf War. I wrote it during the Gulf War.

SM: That's when I moved to Los Angeles. I was alarmed to see the Hollywood sign decorated with a huge yellow ribbon. I felt as if I had landed among the pod people. I encountered perfectly reasonable-looking individuals who would suddenly sprout American flag badges and start talking about Schwarzkopf for President.

TR: I know how you felt; it was a very frightening time. So many people were intimidated about speaking out. I remember finally deciding to go down to Washington to protest the war. I tried to rally people within the business, and they were unwilling to go, for whatever reasons—"I'm not touching this one. I'm not putting my neck on the line." I felt very unsure about going. But, boy, once I got there, I was so glad I had gone. I saw half a million people who were against the war and realized that I wasn't crazy. It gave me a lot of hope.

Newspapers, of course, reported that 75,000 people were there. That is par for the course for the National Park Service's estimation of marches. Along the entire route, there was only one strategically placed group of twenty pro-war supporters ready for the photo op. But the visual representation of the event was one pro-war person against one antiwar person. From that photograph, you could never get the feeling of the enormous number of people and the overwhelming antiwar feeling.

SM: When I was in junior high school, there was a girl who had broken her hip and was on crutches for about twenty months. For two years in a row, she ran for student council office. She had obviously seen *Sunrise at Campobello*. She would get up to make her election speech, hand her crutches aside, and walk with great difficulty and determination to the podium. She always won. I realized that we, the little student voters, were being horribly manipulated.

TR: No question about it. Let's face it. Look at the Gulf War; we were fed a fast-food war—without blood, without death, without babies screaming, without people being buried alive. We were not given any of the images that occur in war. We were given a clean, sanitized Nintendo war, and we loved it. This was war as entertainment. But it doesn't last. Just like a movie that doesn't seem real, it never reaches your soul, and it disappears five minutes after you view it. The memory of that war has not lasted a year. There are no reports from Iraq about the hundreds of thousands of people who never voted for Saddam Hussein but who were killed [because of him].

We savaged that country, destroyed its infrastructure—its clean-water system, electrical supply, and health care—and we did not get Saddam Hussein. Unless we face that reality, that tragedy will be repeated again and again. It will cost more human lives and the spiritual life of our country. If we are a country that celebrates the deaths of hundreds of thousands of people, we are spiritually dead.

I don't think it's the individual's fault. I think it's the fault of a society that acts irresponsibly and does not distribute information to its citizens. The Gulf War was supposed to be this huge, positive experience for all America to share, but it is not even being used as a campaign issue—it's not testing well enough on the surveys. In politics, you know, they now do focus groups just like they do for new movies.

SM: Are you serious?

TR: I'm dead serious. It's happening; they're way ahead of us. Willie Horton [the convicted murderer who raped after escaping from prison through the Massachusetts furlough program put in place under Governor Dukakis] is the perfect example. During the '88 campaign, [Bush promoters] selected a target group of Democratic Dukakis supporters who had previously voted for Reagan. They were seated in a little room and tested to find out what exactly stimulated them: what did they like and what didn't they like? Willie Horton scored the most negatively among Dukakis's own supporters. Bingo! It won the election for Bush.

Theoretically, we still have a democracy in this country, and the one thing that worries people in power is that voters can throw them out. So they keep testing and taking surveys and shaping the elections. People are incredibly naive to think that there is no planning in government. There is no such thing as zeitgeist in the political world. The primary job and focus of government is to plan ahead—how to stay elected, how to stay in power, how to divert stumbling blocks and plan what is going to happen in the future.

SM: It's also the same cast of characters year after year.

TR: It's all the same faces. Now we've just had the twentieth anniversary of Watergate, and the media have been talking to all the criminals. No one is talking to the real heroes. Larry King did a Watergate program and talked to G. Gordon Liddy [the former FBI agent who helped plan the Watergate break-in] for half an hour; Sam Dash [counsel for the Ervin Committee, which held the Senate hearings investigating the break-in and cover-up] for fifteen minutes; and then someone from the Nixon library for another ten minutes, to refute everything Sam Dash had said. That was the most slanted show I have ever seen in my entire life. Sam Dash and Archibald Cox [the special Watergate prosecutor fired by Acting Attorney

"Listen, there's no question that Quayle is an uneducated idiot. But someone, somewhere, cleverly realized that the best diversion from Bush is to put on a clown show ."

General Robert Bork when his investigation got too close to the Oval Office] are American fucking heroes. I have to say that Elliot Richardson [attorney general before Bork] is a hero for refusing to fire Cox. But it was the real boneheads who were on TV, getting all the coverage and being treated like movie stars. G. Gordon Liddy is doing his own talk show [on WJFK radio in Washington, D.C.].

There is a real desire to rewrite history. Here we should be celebrating the fact that corruption can be weeded out of government and applauding the heroism of those Republicans who went against the party line and voted to start Nixon's impeachment hearings. That's something rare in this world. Watergate was really a shock to everyone. But I think—and this goes against everything I generally feel about compassion—that criminal proceedings should have been brought against Nixon. It's as if the doctor found a cancer and you said, "O.K., cut off just the tip, and I'll ignore the rest." The cancer continues to fester. It was only four years later that the Republicans were back in the White House, rehiring all the people Carter had kicked out.

SM: In *Bob Roberts*, you capture the nauseating realization that all these people are connected up in terrible ways. I thought Giancarlo Esposito was perfectly cast as the twitchy underground journalist driven slightly round the bend by mind-boggling information.

TR: It was very important for me not to romanticize that character. He has good intentions but absolutely no sound-bite quality.

SM: When did you start working on *Bob Roberts*?

TR: I developed the character for a short film I did for *Saturday Night Live* about five years ago. I shelved the story for a while, and, as the '80s progressed, Bob became more and more ambitious.

SM: He flourished. It was his decade.

TR: It *was* the Bob decade. He did flourish, and he didn't show any signs of stopping. It was the longest decade I have ever lived through, and we are now left with its horrifying legacy.

SM: Was Bob always going to run for Senate?

TR: Originally, the candidate was going to be Lukas Hart [Roberts's key adviser, played by

British actor Alan Rickman]. But while I was doing *The Player,* I wrote the final draft and made Bob Roberts the candidate. Because this is not a traditional narrative, I needed to streamline all the stories in the script. It was clear that who Bob was would represent what the movie was all about.

SM: He was described to me as a cross between Bob Dylan and Oliver North.

TR: I would never say that. I don't like to bring Dylan's name into this, because he is such a hero of mine.

SM: I did notice that you borrowed quite a few shots from D.A. Pennebaker's early Dylan documentary, *Don't Look Back*.

TR: Absolutely. *Don't Look Back* is great. But I think *Bob Roberts* owes as much to *This Is Spinal Tap* as it does to anything else. I love *Spinal Tap;* it is one of my favorite movies. I've always approached Bob with a sense of humor, and I think it's important that we don't take ourselves too seriously.

SM: Is Bob Roberts a musical Mike Milken?

TR: I like to think of Bob as a young George Bush with a guitar.

SM: Do you remember Up with People? In the '60s, they were traveling right-wing hootenannies that got people tapping their toes and clapping their hands to John Birch sentiments.

TR: Bob is definitely an Up with People kind of guy.

SM: The Bob Roberts songs you composed with your brother were eerily on the mark.

TR: Frightening, eh? My brother is an extremely talented musician. I was lucky to have him involved.

SM: You sing a lot better in this movie than you did in *Bull Durham*.

TR: I can sing better than Bob Roberts. I had to act that—competent singing, with no heart. I sing better when I believe the words.

SM: Alan Rickman was an interesting choice to play your adviser. He was entirely convincing as an American corporate sleazeball.

TR: He's a wonderful actor, and he'll be around for a long time, because he follows his heart and not his pocket. Gore Vidal was also a great addition to the film. I knew I didn't want an actor in that part, and one day, as I was driving to work, I thought, Gore Vidal. I immediately sent him a script. He called within a week and said he would love to do it. I was ecstatic; he told me that I was a dangerous man.

SM: When Gore Vidal was asked what dangerous activities he enjoys—was he a rock climber or a sky diver—he answered that he is a writer. Writing is the most dangerous activity of all.

TR: Getting that phone call from Gore Vidal while we were in preproduction was a real validation of our project. It was like when we got the go-ahead to use "I've Got to Know," by Woody Guthrie. His daughter, Nora Guthrie, came to one of the last days of mixing and saw the film. The song had never been heard before, and she felt that it had been written for our film. I was so moved. This was such a great stamp of approval at the end of the project. Just before we contacted her, I read in the newspaper that the Guthrie estate had turned down a request from Ross Perot to use "This Land Is My Land" as a campaign song.

SM: Isn't the title "This Land Is Your Land"?

TR: I'm sorry.

SM: You're not going to turn into Bob Roberts, are you?

TR: No. Help me! Help me! And Woody, please forgive me. ■

BOB

This fall, the wall that divided the worlds of men's fashion and women's fashion comes down through popular demand, much like the wall in Berlin.
Pin-striped wool trousers by Comme des Garçons Homme Plus by Rei Kawakubo. Photograph by Mario Sorrenti

new men's fashion

as seen by

three young photographers

styling by

Joe McKenna

GROOMING: JIMMY PAUL/ORIBE AT ELIZABETH ARDEN MODELS: KEITH AND DEREK BREWER, BOTH FROM L.A. MODELS

These two remind us of the farmer's sons in a 1920s photograph by August Sander, only they are dressed for now, not to plow. Their cotton shirts, calfskin belts, wool trousers, and canvas shoes are all by Romeo Gigli. Photographs by Stewart Shining

HAIR: JIMMY PAUL/ORIBE AT ELIZABETH ARDEN MAKEUP: HONEY TWIGG MODEL: RAVEN METZNER PHOTOGRAPHED AT JOHN VIDAL STUDIO, NYC FOR FASHION DETAILS, SEE PAGE 109

What's the difference between this turn-of-the-century poetic bohemian type and his 1890s equivalent? For a start, this guy's wearing, above, a cotton shirt, tie, wool suit, and overcoat, all by Dolce & Gabbana, and, left, a wool cap and jacket by Romeo Gigli and a wool shirt by Dolce & Gabbana. Photographs by John Huba

The Greeks had wrestling; the Romans, chariot racing; medieval knights, jousting; the Victorians, croquet; old and new Japan, sumo wrestling . . . Each culture and age seems to go wild for a sport that reflects its spirit. We predict badminton will be the game of the day.

"The Badminton Club of the City of New York is actually the oldest badminton club in the world, although the English will not acknowledge this. The Roosevelts and Astors and Vanderbilts were members, and among the first badminton players in this country. But badminton was more of a social event then—people played in tuxedos and long gowns—until about 1906, when the six-foot-seven Lyle Evans Mahon took off his tuxedo jacket in order to play harder. There was a big scandal, but he won the battle, and people started playing in more casual dress."

—Diane Moore Hales, badminton historian

Watch out, birdie!

Badminton's back

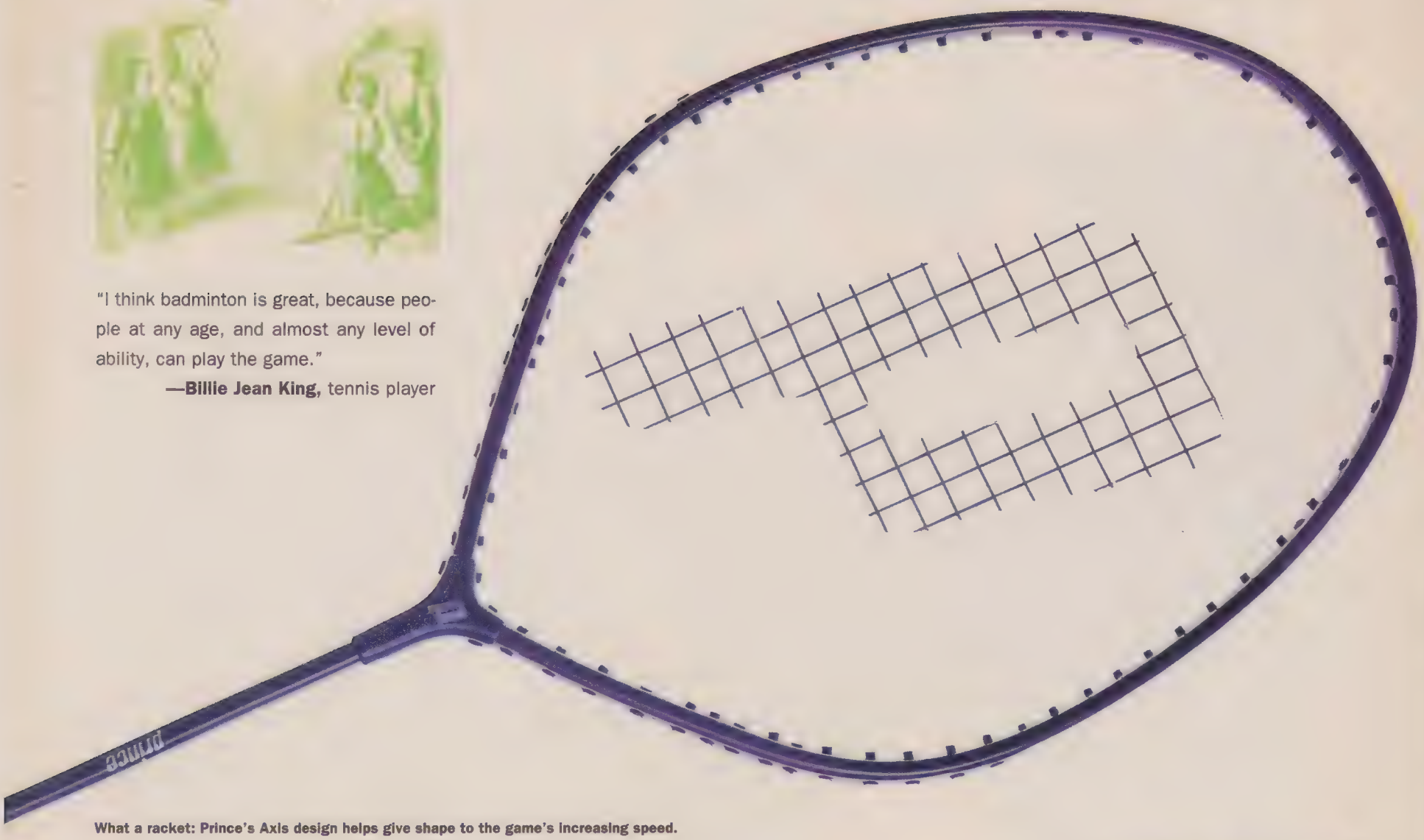
"What I like best about badminton today is that it's so fast, it's frantic. And it makes you laugh, because you get so out of control."

—Joy Kitzmiller (pictured here), national badminton champion in women's singles and doubles, and member of the U.S. Olympic badminton team.

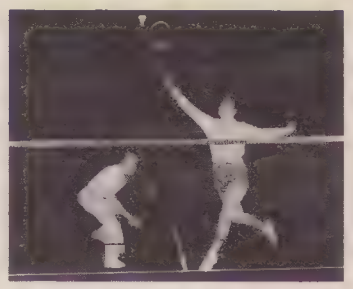
Photograph by Mark Hanauer

"I think badminton is great, because people at any age, and almost any level of ability, can play the game."

—Billie Jean King, tennis player



What a racket: Prince's Axis design helps give shape to the game's increasing speed.



Being speedy, on your toes, and able to change direction quickly—which is what badminton's all about—is the best athletic way we can think of to keep your mind and your body tuned to what's going on around you. Badminton is faster than volleyball, more aerobic than tennis, so different from the test of power and bulk that is football. You don't have to be big to play badminton—agile, yes. Plus, all you need is a patch of grass, a stretch of beach, or any other rectangular place with room to fly and swing your racket.

If one were to make a list of the qualities required to be hip to the times, it would read like a description of this clever game. No wonder we'll be seeing it this month at the Barcelona Olympics, where for the first time in the Games' history badminton will be included as a medal-deserving sport.

Who knows? Badminton may be just the thing to keep civilization jumping. Even if you're an armchair athlete and prefer your sports sitting down, with a drink on the rocks, this is a game that will teach you how to be as smart as a fox. Light makes might—that's the point. Cheers to the wisdom of shuttlecocks.

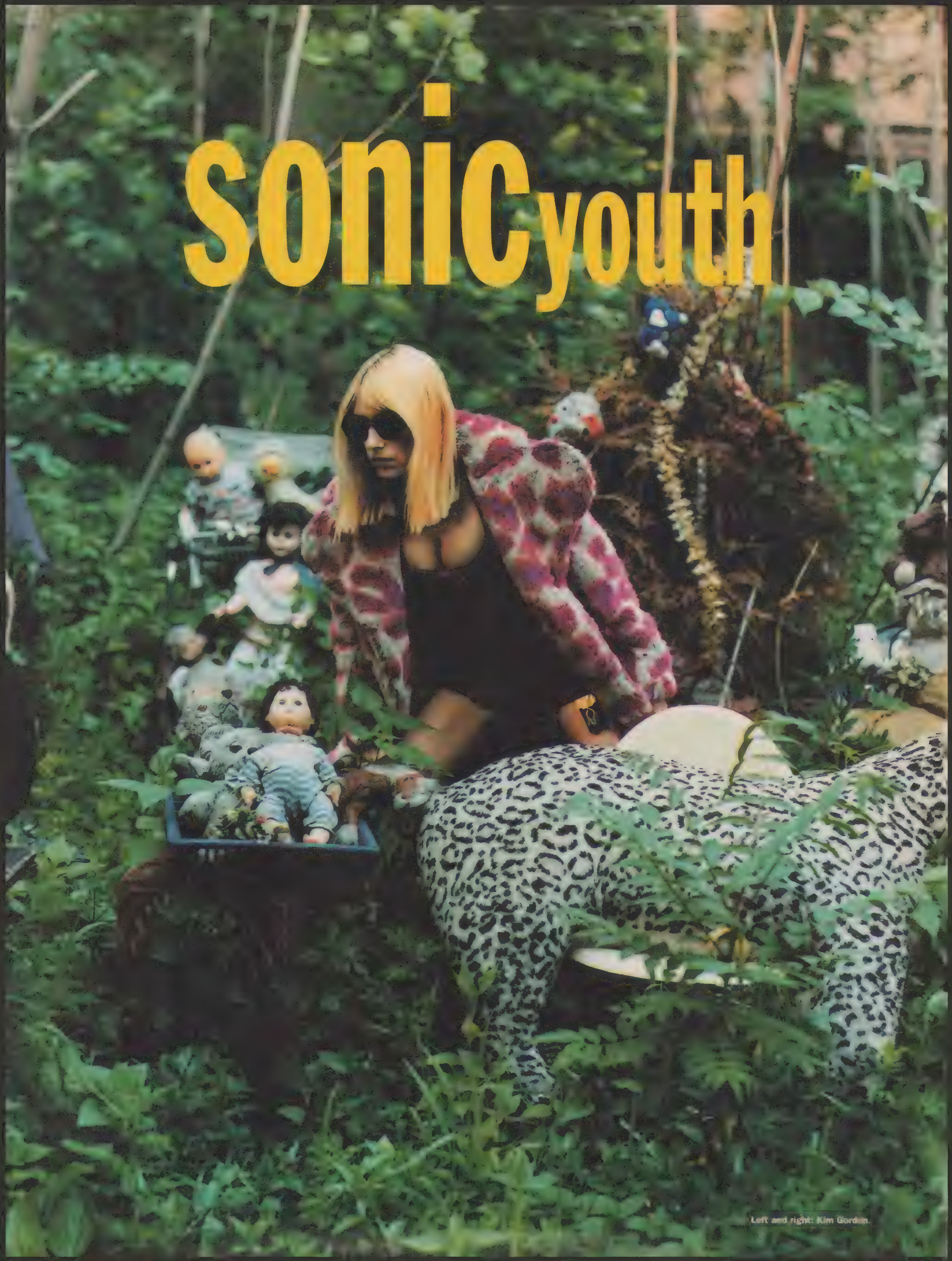
Sports equipment photographs by Bill Steele

ARCHIVAL PHOTO AND ARTWORK, THIS PAGE AND PAGE 80: BETTMANN ARCHIVE HAIR AND MAKEUP, PAGE 81: HELEN JEFFERS/CLOUTIER

The modern birdie:

With a twist of the base, you can adjust the trajectory and speed of your shots with Prince's Supershuttle shuttlecock.

sonic youth



Left and right: Kim Gordon

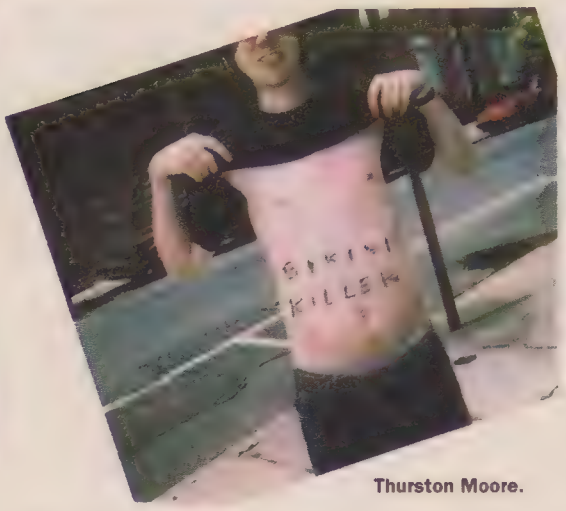
KIM GORDON: Some People think the bigger you get, the more you rob them of something

Interview by Randi Gollin

Polaroids by members of Sonic Youth

Sonic Youth have always been ferreters. Over the course of a decade, these avatars of indie cool burrowed through pop culture, unearthing a seething nest of trendsetters, deviants, and celebs, timely finds that shaped six conceptual albums and sharpened the group's cult image. In 1989, Sonic Youth signed with David Geffen's DGC, releasing *Goo,* their sixth album and first major-label record, in 1990. Drenched in dissonance and rife with lyrics often interpreted as provocative, controversial, or downright oblique, the band's blistering songs continue to divide listeners into those who laud Sonic Youth's witty chaos as pure genius and those who see it as artily honed b.s.

Over sandwiches in a downtown New York coffee shop, bassist Kim Gordon, husband/guitarist Thurston Moore, and guitarist Lee Ranaldo (drummer Steve Shelley was in Detroit) discussed the magpie aesthetic of their latest al-



Thurston Moore.

bum, *Dirty.* Glued together by squalling guitars and an in-the-know sensibility, it's another tumultuous collage of surreal and concrete images culled from headline news, radical movements, and women's issues. "100%," the surf-beat-driven first single from the LP, plugs into skaters, a sporting phenomenon Sonic Youth find eminently influential. "Youth Against Fascism" features guitarist Ian MacKaye of Fugazi, an underground band renowned for inciteful agitprop anthems. Some might say that Sonic Youth's bent for iconoclastic worlds and current affairs is sheer hip-hype. *Not.* Sonic Youth is simply a band at home on the hip tip.

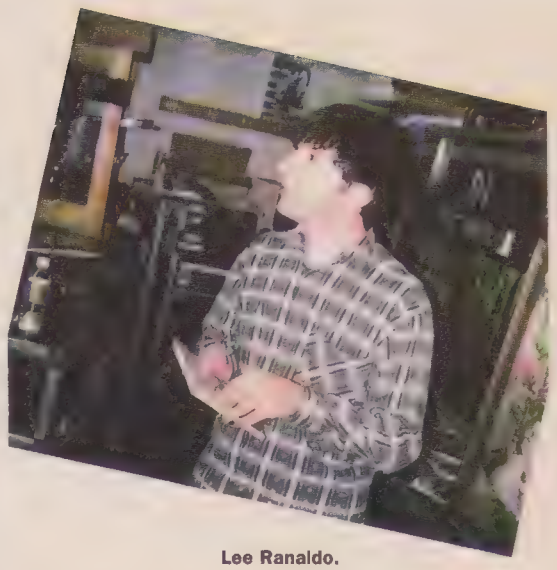
RANDI GOLLIN: What's the thrust behind *Dirty*? It seems to have a media orientation to it.

LEE RANALDO: Media orientation? Well, that's not the *newest* thing for Sonic Youth.

KIM GORDON: I personally look for inspiration wherever I can get it. If there's a worthwhile idea, I obviously use it. We read books and magazines—there's fodder everywhere. When we did *Daydream Nation,* it was an election year, and we'd give people the bogus statement, "This is our political record." Now, it's an election year again, but *Dirty* is kind of open-ended.

RG: Does Sonic Youth represent a certain aesthetic that you have to adhere to, and, if so, does that ever get in the way?

KG: You mean, like we have to stay punk rock forever? I don't know. I think we're probably more critical of ourselves in a way, but there is life after punk rock.



Lee Ranaldo.

LR: It's not change for change's sake. It's not like you want to betray what you did in the past or deny it as having happened, but there's no need to get locked into it. We were just doing a promo shoot for *Dirty* and chose a photographer who was more into fashion rather than a straight music photographer. It goes along with the nature of the band—if you're not exploring new avenues, then how are you going to grow in any way?

KG: It's also, from the fashion perspective, sort of a game, 'cause you can't get in certain magazines unless you sell a million records.

RG: The song "Swimsuit Issue" talks about fashion; you even list a string of models' names. I was wondering if it was a follow-up to some of the women's issues—anorexia, teenage peer pressure, sexual equality—that you delved into on *Goo.*

KG: It's about sexual harassment in the workplace. I was trying to equate the models with secretaries. Models have never been more popular, and they are, in a way, the most ideal women—maybe idols—now. Actually, models really

Moore.

aren't that sexy, but in the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue, suddenly they're allowed to be sexy in their swimsuits. In the song, I was trying to equate the secretary with a boss who masturbates on her desk to a guy looking at the swimsuit issue.

RG: You talk about a lot of social ills in "Youth Against Fascism." That was my take on it, anyway . . .

THURSTON MOORE: I was really intrigued by these kids who live in Washington, D.C.—like the hard-core punk band Fugazi. They stand outside the White

PAGES 84–85: HAIR: JIMMY PAUL/ORIBE AT ELIZABETH ARDEN MAKEUP: RUMIKO/JED ROOT STYLING: VICTORIA BARTLETT AND DAISY VONFURTH PHOTOGRAPHED AT INDUSTRIA, NYC GORDON'S CLOTHING: VIVIENNE WESTWOOD

House and bang on pots and pans. That's their form of protest.

KG: Fugazi is the only truly political band I know of right now.

TM: They're just punk rockers, but they know what's right and wrong, and they see the administration as fascist. So "Youth Against Fascism" is about these kids. It's not *so* explicit—but that's where it starts from. The song just puts what they would say into headline terms, like "I Believe in Anita Hill" or "The President Sucks," and so it's a funny sort of song. That's followed by "Nic Fit," a song Alec MacKaye [brother of Fugazi's Ian MacKaye] co-wrote about cigarette smoking when they were fourteen years old. It's funny to see these kids reacting to things like cigarette smoke or pot or alcohol or hanging out in bars or any of that adult assholism that they would never want to aspire to. To me, this is the first generation that has this kind of philosophy. We're a lot older, and when we were teenagers we thought it was cool to get high.

Moore and Ranaldo.

RG: Does being older give you an edge over bands who are starting out right now?

LR: Well, how *else* can you feel about being older?

KG: It must be really weird to be a band starting now, because indie distribution is huge compared to when we started—though it seems shakier. Everyone wants to sell a million records. I don't know what to tell a band when their first record isn't even on vinyl yet. The trip is the whole thing. It's not the spot that you get to. Every record we've done is just a part of our history and our life. It's not like that was bad and now this is good because we're on a major label.

Moore.

TM: It's all circumstantial, anyway. In the early '80s it didn't even enter your mind to deal with corporate labels, because they weren't dealing with underground music.

RG: Is it still important to be considered "underground"?

LR: We're kind of "alternative."

TM: For better or worse. But the underground *is* the alternative to the major labels in the record industry. We're not anti–record industry, we're not anti–major label—we're not anti-anything, really.

KG: Some people say we sold out after our second record, *Confusion Is Sex,* and after every record it's, like, "Oh, I really don't like that. The last record I liked of yours was *EVOL.*" Some people think the bigger you get, the more you rob them of something.

LR: Even though we may have these fluky songs that might be catchy, we're never going to be a band that appeals to people who want to turn on the radio and hear happy music. It's more music for people who are interested in where music is at right now. That's the alternative aspect I relate to. It just means it's not universally appealing.

RG: "Swimsuit Issue" has a real surfer feel. It reminded me of a few cuts from that Pixies album, *Bossanova.*

Steve Shelley.

TM: I hear that, too, actually. Especially the line "I'm just from Encino. Why are you so mean-o?" We get very surf 'n' turf.

RG: Does what you do ever feel contrived?

TM: I guess it could come across as contrived to other people, even to yourself, after you get some distance on it.

KG: I feel when I listen to my vocals—past records more so than now—and a lot of other people's records, too, it sounds very contrived. I've learned that, because the music isn't so rock 'n' roll, it's hard to say. You never know how it's going to turn out. It's like jumping off a cliff or something. Rock 'n' roll is really all illusion. Mick Jagger pretending he's black, *that's* contrived. But I don't think it's negative to be that pretentious.

RG: Your song "Shoot" made me feel like I was in a black-and-white movie. Am I close?

Gordon and Moore.

KG: Yeah. That's an interesting way to look at it.

LR: Which song is "Shoot"?

KG: It's the one that starts out with a really cool beat. It's my pro-choice song.

LR: Is it?

TM: You wrote a pro-choice song?

KG: Yeah. But the engineer on the album said it sounded like it was about New Jersey white trash. Someone else said that it reminded him of when he moved to L.A. and broke up with his girlfriend and couldn't leave the house.

RG: It means different things to different people.

KG: Yeah. I don't really like to talk too much about it, to make the songs sound too literal. I like them to have the same quality as when you read a book. The images are yours, you know. ■

THURSTON MOORE: We're not anti record industry, we're not anti major label—we're not anti anything

Let it Fall

It's a style that's caught our eye. Hair, long, and falling to the ground, like a waterfall.

Anonymous, *Western Landscape* (circa 1880s); albumen print.

HAIR *Oribe*
PHOTOGRAPHY *Todd Eberle*
MODEL *Veronica Webb*
WATERFALLS *An anonymous photographer, Ansel Adams, and Carleton E. Watkins*

PHOTO, THIS PAGE: COURTESY OF JAMES DANZIGER GALLERY, NYC OPPOSITE PAGE: STRETCH-CIRÉ LEGGINGS AND BODICE BY GIORGIO DI SANT'ANGELO; BOA FEATHER BIKINI BY MARIA SNYDER; MONGOLIAN CASHMERE MULES BY GIORGIO DI SANT'ANGELO

Ansel Adams, *Nevada Fall, Profile, Yosemite National Park* (circa 1957).

PHOTO, THIS PAGE: © 1992 BY THE TRUSTEES OF THE ANSEL ADAMS PUBLISHING RIGHTS TRUST. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. OPPOSITE PAGE: WHITE SILK GAUZE AND GOLD BEADED BODYSUIT BY GIORGIO DI SANT'ANGELO

These days, when people drop their locks it may not be their own strands running over their shoulders like water over boulders.

Carleton E. Watkins, *Nevada Fall, 700 ft., Yosemite* (plate 53) (circa 1865–66).

To quote bigwig hairdresser Oribe: "We could think of hairpieces the same way we think of bracelets or necklaces.""

HAIR BY AMBER/ORIBE AT ELIZABETH ARDEN PHOTOGRAPHED AT ORIBE SALON AT ELIZABETH ARDEN PHOTO, THIS PAGE: COURTESY OF FRAENKEL GALLERY, SAN FRANCISCO OPPOSITE PAGE: WHITE MINK BIKINI BY GIORGIO DI SANT'ANGELO SUNGLASSES FROM THE NEW BAROQUE COLLECTION EYEWEAR BY SILHOUETTE FOR FASHION DETAILS, SEE PAGE 109

Pirates with a

In their fight to preserve sea life, Paul Watson and the Sea Shepherds are taking on the fishing industry, one ship at a time

PHOTO: COURTESY OF GREENPEACE AND THE NATIONAL MARINE FISHERIES SERVICE

During a 1977 Greenpeace action on the Labrador ice floes in northeastern Canada, expedition leader Paul Watson pulled a club from the hands of a seal hunter and threw it in the icy North Atlantic. He was then nearly drowned by angry sealers as he tried to prevent them from loading the fresh sealskins on their ships. Greenpeace (a group Watson, a former merchant marine and Canadian Coast Guard officer, had been a part of from its beginnings, in 1970) said that interfering with a legal hunt was too dangerous and booted him off its board.

It didn't take long for Watson to surface again. That same year, he founded the Sea Shepherd Conservation Society. With a grant from the U.S.-based Fund for Animals, he bought an old trawler and set out with near military zeal to save marine life. Sea Shepherds have confronted Russian whalers at sea, physically destroyed a whale processing plant in Iceland, and sunk seven whaling ships. They have blockaded the Canadian seal-hunting fleet off Labrador and thwarted the hunting of wolves in British Columbia. Police fired on the group when it tried to stop the annual slaughter of pilot whales off Denmark's Faeroe Islands. In 1990 and 1991, they rammed Japanese and Taiwanese drift netters as well as a Mexican tuna boat that was using dolphin-trapping purse-seine nets.

In the last few years, Watson has become more isolated philosophically. He has few kind words for environmentalists who choose compromise (he has been particularly hard on Greenpeace) and has criticized other "radical" environmental groups, such as the more terrestrial Earth First!, for adopting agendas that are increasingly concerned with labor and women's issues, which Watson feels are extraneous to saving species and protecting the Earth.

Watson's current focus is on stopping the use of drift nets (vast nets that hang several meters into the water and stretch from one to thirty-five miles across), whaling, and the slaughter of dolphins in tuna nets. As many as 1.5 million dolphins and other small whales are killed every year in nets intended for tuna and other fish. This, despite international attention and a boycott-inspired pledge by major tuna companies not to sell tuna caught with dolphin-trapping methods.

A stout forty-one-year-old with pudgy features, a graying mop of hair, and the soft accent of Eastern Canada, Watson makes an unlikely pirate, despite the hunting knife that hangs in a scabbard at his belt. I interviewed him on the deck of the ninety-foot *Edward Abbey* as we passed Pacificward through the Panama Canal on our way into international waters off Costa Rica. There, in the *Edward Abbey* and the two-hundred-foot *Sea Shepherd II*, Watson and his crews would patrol for Mexican, Venezuelan, Vanuatuan (from the South Pacific island nation of Vanuatu), and American tuna boats. The mission was to destroy the nets, free dolphins (and tuna, by consequence), cripple equipment, and send the fishing boats home—hopefully without hurting anyone.

DEAN KUIPERS: So, are we going to hunt down tuna boats and sink them?

PAUL WATSON: No. I'm not out here to sink a tuna boat. What I would like to do is latch on to one of these boats, follow (more Pirates on page 108)

Interview by Dean Kuipers

difference

Dolphins encircled by purse-seine tuna net.

You are a single white female, Allie
(Bridget Fonda),
with your own software-design business and a smooth
but not entirely reliable boyfriend (Steven Weber).
You are pretty, self-possessed, and narcissistic. You seek
another woman to share your stately Upper West Side apartment.
You interview a lot of no-no's, and then the perfect girl
moves in. You begin to think she's not so perfect when she starts
having cozy little breakfasts with your guy.
You are definitely unamused when she turns into your
identical twin. You soon realize you are living with
the roommate from hell.
double

Bridget Fonda and Jennifer Jason Leigh are mirror-image roommates in

You are a former *Cahiers du Cinéma* critic and a child of the *nouvelle vague*. You acted in and produced Jacques Rivette's masterwork, *Céline and Julie Go Boating*, and directed *More*, *Barfly*, and *Reversal of Fortune*. You seem to have a thing about melancholy women in rooms. With *Single White Female*, your contribution to this year of the psychofemme, you have coaxed unsettlingly symbiotic performances from Bridget Fonda and Jennifer Jason Leigh and, from Don Roos's screenplay, a sleek Hitchcockian thriller with p.c. aspirations and a Hollywood version of a cum shot. And now you're on the telephone:

BARBET SCHROEDER: I had turned down thirty-five other projects, and when I read *Single White Female*, it really clicked. The idea of the double, of a girl trying to imitate another girl, which is something that you can observe everywhere, was very appealing. Sometimes it's by leafing through magazines and looking at pictures of fashion models and of clothes. But sometimes they take a model in real life. Eventually, it goes further and affects your whole behavior. In this case it's pathological.

GRAHAM FULLER: Do you think this is something that a woman is more likely to do than a man?

BS: A man would be more into driving the same car as another man. Looks are more important in our society for a woman.

GF: *Single White Female* takes place mostly inside a home, rather like *Céline and Julie Go Boating* and *Reversal of Fortune*. Is that kind of internalization a metaphor for something that's going on inside somebody's head—in this case, Allie's?

BS: You could say that the apartment exists, but it has its own . . . not mythical, but *imaginary* realm. Everything is real, but at the same time the movie has the feeling of a fairy tale or a dream. It has the release effect of a fairy tale, where the characters have learned something by the end.

Interview with Barbet Schroeder by Graham Fuller

You are a single white female, Hedy **(Jennifer Jason Leigh),** with a bad self-image and lank hair. You used to have a twin sister, but you don't anymore. You move in with this successful girl, and you start to get jealous when she comes home late from her trysts with Mr. Wonderful. You buy a puppy (look out, animal lovers) and you become a copycat. You copy her clothes, her hair, and her slinky savoir faire. In fact, you slink over to her man's apartment one night, fellate him, and then make him pay for his infidelity. And then you go back to get her, your smug surrogate sis . . .

whammy

Barbet Schroeder's *Single White Female.* But only one of them is mad.

GF: Was your involvement in *Céline and Julie* an influence on *Single White Female*? That, too, is about two women with merging identities.

BS: Oh, yes, of course, but I thought about it more when I was doing *Reversal of Fortune,* where you had an imaginary, fictional side, which was the story told by Claus Von Bulow.

GF: I believe *Single White Female* was influenced by *Persona.* Was *Vertigo* an influence on your film?

BS: *Vertigo* is really a love story, so I didn't think immediately of that. There is the idea of the double, of course, but the doubling in *Vertigo* is the desire of the James Stewart character to make one woman look like another. So it's a similar theme, but it's different.

GF: Do you think Hedy is Allie's doppelgänger, or her alter ego, or what?

BS: It's possible that Allie has called her up unconsciously. She was in need of someone, and this is a fable about what happens to you when you need people not for what they are but for what they can provide you, which is a relief from being alone, and some kind of daily protection. On a subconscious level, Hedy does Allie's dirty work for her; she avenges her.

GF: Did you like Hedy, in her role of avenging angel, more than Allie?

BS: I like both of them. I want the audience to feel Hedy's pain and also, obviously, to identify with Allie—but understanding that she is not a perfect hero but someone with weaknesses.

GF: Did you encourage Jennifer Jason Leigh and Bridget Fonda to bond?

BS: What do you mean, "bond"?

GF: Was it necessary to make the two actresses become close?

BS: Yes, they did become quite close, but in a working relationship.

GF: But Leigh didn't start coming to the set dressed like Fonda?

BS: Oh, no, no, no. It's a movie. ■

PHOTO: SCIANNA/MAGNUM; COURTESY OF COLUMBIA PICTURES

kristy swanson

The actress who makes Transylvanians tremble in Buffy the Vampire Slayer

First among this year's hemorrhage of vampire movies is *Buffy the Vampire Slayer,* in which Kristy Swanson plays a high school cheerleader with a secret destiny to meet vampires and kill them. It comes in handy when her town is overrun by a pack of teenage undeadheads led by Rutger Hauer and Paul Reubens.

Buffy thinks she's more qualified to shop someone to death than escort them into eternity with a stake and lots of ketchup. But as the bloodletting takes a twist for the worst, Buffy has to get real—with help from medieval tutor Donald Sutherland and reluctant recruit Luke Perry. Ten days of martial-arts training enabled Swanson to Van Damme her way through walls of vampires. "Kristy's a self-sufficient young woman," says *Buffy* director Fran Rubel Kuzui, "so she had to learn to be taken care of a little bit. I had to say, 'You're the star. You have to act like the star.' We became very close. At the end of the shoot, I gave her a silver Celtic cross on a chain with the inscription TO MY FAVORITE SLAYER."

Swanson hails from a lawn-intensive California suburb generally known for sprouting champion swimmers, not actresses. Maybe that's why she's armed with an absence of pretension—apple pie without the cheese, baseball cap emblazoned with the name of an actual baseball team (Kansas City Royals).

LAUREN OLIVER: I suppose the whole female half of the planet is dying to know whether Luke Perry's sideburns are genuine.

KRISTY SWANSON: What, like they're Velcro or something? Those sideburns are for real.

LO: Please continue.

KS: The word "simple" kind of fell into our vocabulary, 'cause he'd say, "I'm just a simple guy." So I'd call him Mr. Simple. "*Come here,* Mr. Simple."

LO: You're, like, Buffy the all-American, all-girl killing machine. Does this mean you're going to cut a rap record now?

KS: I wouldn't dare. Yes, Buffy is a girl, and Buffy kicks some hard ass, but it goes a little deeper than that. It's not about "I'm a woman and I can kick anyone's ass." It's about change and challenging yourself, getting over your fears and taking one step further.

LO: Did you have to kick a lot of Buffy hopefuls in the teeth to get this part?

KS: In the fangs, you mean? It's a matter of making the moves big and dirty. They never asked me if I was a fighter. I did have a dance background. I did flying kicks. I had a lot of bruises and sore bones.

LO: Did working with a woman director make it easier or harder to play this role?

KS: Huh. When I was sick, Fran brought in a pillow and a comforter. You know, "Can I get you some chicken soup?" There's no obvious difference between a man or woman director. So she wore a skirt.

LO: While she yelled, "Hit him hard! Harder!"

KS: Actually, she didn't really wear a skirt. She did wear earrings.

LO: And where are your parents during this whole vampire-killing episode, young lady?

KS: Off to Palm Springs, to get a tan.

LO: Are men going to be afraid of you?

KS: The guys are gonna go, "Damn!" They're gonna think it's cool. I think the girls are gonna think it's really cool. I can kill vampires *and* get the guy in the end.

LO: Mr. Perry's character more or less ends up a certified vampire slayer.

KS: It's about equality. He wasn't given the strength, but she showed him he could be just as equal as her.

LO: I think I read somewhere that the screenwriter had seen so many films where the pretty blond girl walks into the dark room and gets it that he wanted to see the pretty blond girl walk into the dark room and kick some butt.

KS: She may walk into the dark room, but she's still afraid. Her biggest fear is, What are her friends going to think? Because in the beginning Buffy knows the price of everything and the value of nothing. She's so shallow.

LO: You, in fact, missed the battering and banality of high school.

KS: Because I was working. I was taught at home from grades eight to twelve by my parents.

LO: And you don't regret it?

KS: I enjoy characters. I learned to study people, family, friends, everybody. That was more important than going to the prom. My sister-in-law, Jyl, was the model for Buffy. I observed her for weeks before shooting began. She had that *attitude.* No professor can teach you that.

LO: What are you going to be typecast as now?

KS: Let's see . . . Buffy at thirty, Buffy at forty. I've played the cheerleader, the girl you bring home to Mom, the victim, the alcoholic, the drug user. I've never been typecast. Everything I'm looking at now is different.

LO: Donald Sutherland: is he a god, or what?

KS: Yup, he is. Working with him is like pulling taffy with someone. The taffy just goes around and around . . . really smooth.

LO: Rutger Hauer isn't particularly famous for letting his hair down, huh?

KS: I can't figure him out. He likes to see people try to figure him out. And they can't. And he clearly gets off on that.

LO: Is Paul Reubens aware of the tremendous public support for him?

KS: I tell him about it all the time. The greatest thing he did was the MTV video awards. We talk a lot. He's a very mysterious person. Nice. Funny. Different.

LO: Did you get a crush on any of these guys?

KS: I had a crush on *all* of them.

LO: What's the plot of *The Return of Buffy the Vampire Slayer*?

KS: We thought it might be kind of funny if Buffy joined the cast of *Beverly Hills, 90210.* Suddenly Buffy is chasing vampires around Beverly Hills High and starts running down the street and into the set of *Melrose Place* . . .

LO: The high school kids in *Buffy* are victims of fashion trends and unfortunate suburban slang. The vampires sport leather and killer one-liners—and they die. Why is that?

KS: Because in the end it doesn't come down to who's wearing the coolest clothes.

LO: Thank you, Jesus.

KS: If you shop on Melrose, you have to die! ■

Interview by Lauren Oliver Photographs by Paul Jasmin

HAIR: CEMAL/CLOUTIER MAKEUP: KAREN KAWAHARA/CLOUTIER STYLING: JODI NAKATSUKA/CELESTINE TERRY COTTON ROBE BY FRED SEGAL COTTON PIQUÉ HALTER TOP BY PRADA FOR FASHION DETAILS, SEE PAGE 109

This page: Fitted leather jacket by Versus by Gianni Versace. Quilted silk-satin vest by Gianni Versace. Stretch-velour leggings by DKNY. Bronze bracelet by Rolando Negoita at Artwear, NYC. Opposite page: Leather jacket by Cheap & Chic by Moschino. Leggings by DKNY.

the new armor

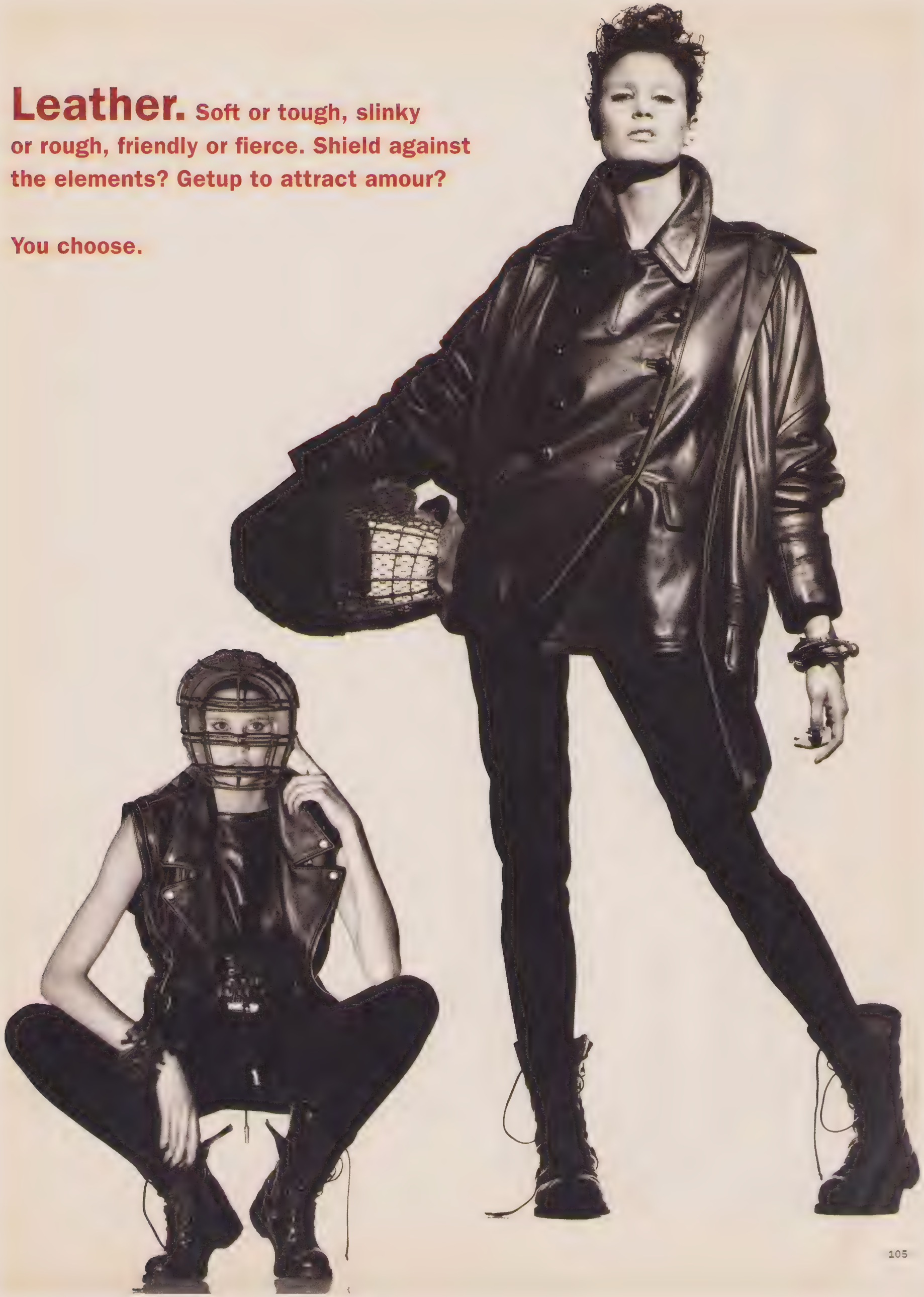
Photographs by Albert Watson Styling by Mariuccia Casadio

This page, left: Men's motorcycle jacket by Avirex. Silver shawl by Tone Vigeland and clay bracelet by Ondrej Rudavsky, both at Artwear. Shorts by Cheap & Chic by Moschino. Boots by Dr. Martens. Right: Motorcycle jacket with silver detailing by Chrome Hearts. Leggings by DKNY. Knuckle rings by Robert Lee Morris. Opposite page, left: Men's vest by Diesel, worn over vest with back lace (back to front) by Chrome Hearts. Leggings by DKNY. Ebony-and-hemp bracelet by Kris Ruhs at Artwear. Right: Men's deerskin coat by Donna Karan Menswear, worn over double-breasted jacket and cotton leggings by Jil Sander. Silver-and-bronze bracelet by Rolando Negoita at Artwear.

HAIR: ENZO LAERA/COPPOLA FOR L'ORÉAL. MAKEUP: SANDY LINTER/STEPHEN KNOLL SALON. MODEL: ANOUK DIRKSE/COMPANY. ARMOR, PAGE 103: HELMET DETAIL FROM *ARMOR OF HENRY II OF FRANCE* (1519–59)/THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART. HARRIS BRISBANE DICK FUND, 1939. LEG DETAIL FROM *SUIT OF ARMOR, BRIGANDINE*/THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART. BASHFORD DEAN MEMORIAL COLLECTION. GIFT OF HELEN FAHNESTOCK HUBBARD IN MEMORY OF HER FATHER, HARRIS C. FAHNESTOCK, 1929. FOOTBALL HELMET (PAGE 103) AND KENDO MASK AND CATCHER'S MASK (PAGE 105) FROM THE ALBERT WATSON COLLECTION FOR FASHION DETAILS. SEE PAGE 109

Leather. Soft or tough, slinky or rough, friendly or fierce. Shield against the elements? Getup to attract amour?

You choose.



(food column)

THE HUNGER

Puttin' on the hit.

HAL RUBENSTEIN

Down on Hitter Row

Manhattan's Cafe Tabac was created just for him, this sun-bedded Poppin' Fresh sitting at his favorite table after a half-assed workout, running stubby fingers through his dark, wavy, formerly ponytailed hair, now Murray's-shellacked back into a neckline of unemployed commas. Unable to sit either still or alone, he speaks to his future friend at the next table, almost loudly enough for the approaching blond Venus to hear. "Look at those legs. She was Miss Spain or Miss Something in the Mediterranean in the last Miss World Pageant. Maybe it was the year before. Something, ain't they? But she's crowding me. Keeps telling me she loves me. Calls me all the time and asks if I miss her. Ahh, it's not her fault. She's a good girl. It's me. I just can't make my mind up between these three women. Believe me. You don't envy me. Someone is going to be very disappointed. And then I'm the bad guy."

There was a time, not too long ago, when a woman would have tied this guy's balls around his ankles for merely thinking such crap. But something weird is happening. Put the blame on Robert Bly, or yohimbé root, or Mötley Crüe, or AIDS; whichever, it seems the sensitive man has made a fast exeunt with no flourish, leaving in his place the unexpectedly rapid return of the walking crotch with a wallet. His look has evolved—no more drop shoulders and stonewash—but it's still a throwback: an aromatic blend of early Alain Delon greasy-locked Continental sloppiness, BMOC (circa 1961), and leather-vested, Harley-Davidson–wanting daydreamer. He smokes, he swaggers, his best friend is a model. They've both started boxing up near Port Authority. You should come watch. The guy's a pre-siliconed Mickey Rourke, starring in *Rebel Without a Flaw.*

Would that these neo-hitters could be contained at their ground zero—West Broadway and Grand—and isolated. But not only has an entire breed of no-long-skirts-ever-nighttime-makeup-all-day-long babe-women emerged to service them, their mating places seem to increase faster than the number of Roach Motels in el barrio. Food is such a nonissue in most of these spots that many have virtually identical menus (bet you never heard of hanger steak two years ago). Thankfully, even in the macho futurist landscape of *Logan's Run,* some humanity emerged to redeem mankind. So, if your hunger for something other than a loin ever exceeds the hunger in your loins, pleasures await. But you'd better move quick. This crowd has even less loyalty to a kitchen than it does to one another. And sure as Miss Spain has two other self-obsessed Romeos in Miami and Los Angeles swearing she's his only-have-eyes-for-you love slave, an enterprising consortium of ex-models is going to start a chain of BeefsteakFrites Charlie's faster than Poppin' Fresh can say "Stephanie Seymour is ultimo bitchin'." A way to a man's heart is through his stomach, except sometimes you're better off getting there with a penknife.

JOUR ET NUIT

Just when you thought they had taken all the Euro out with the trash, Jour et Nuit came along to claim it, and now the restaurant is the dingdonged grandpappy of Hitter Row. When it opened, with its Fauxrocco, harem-lair motif on the second floor, it established the foundation for the Delta of Penis that would soon encompass three of the four spots at this intersection (Lucky Strike, older and around the corner, began with a hip but never as horny bunch). Félix, La Jumelle, the nearby Boom and Le Café, and the farther away Tabac have all spiraled into being, like overglopped spin art, from its success. But considering the source no longer applies. Granted, the Jour et Nuit table occupants are still consistent; the men tend to be slightly grayer and more prone to Porsche convertibles, which means the women giggle more and throw their hair back less. But the room is now more self-assured. These folks are so good at this, they can actually enjoy it. And though the food has become significantly more expensive, it is also immeasurably better. Eating well here, as with sex, no longer has the element of surprise, but the follow-through's as knowledgeable as the presentation. The carpaccio of duck is cut a little too thick, but it is pungent and nicely smoothed with truffle oil. The tuna tartare is as rubied as a lip-blotted tissue on the sink in the ladies' room. The sardine terrine is dreary, the cold lobster salad not always. Lobster lasagna comes with a wonderful bed of green cabbage splashed with caviar. The best entrées are a thick, mustard-spiked tuna steak, a Windmere's fan of skate with a breeze of ginger, and a heavy-for-summer but frost-cozy breast of duck with lentils. Yes, there is hanger steak—a shoulder cut, for those of you brought up crossing the Triborough Bridge. Desserts are forgettable, the staff amazingly less so, considering they are often serving tables of ten seated at four-tops. "Come sit with us," says one silver stallion who's sitting with George Plimpton and assorted nubiles. "How are we gonna get in?" asks the honey-voiced new arrival. The same way she'll squeeze into the Porsche. Like butter.

337 WEST BROADWAY, 212-925-5971

BOOM

When he was still film critic for *Life,* Richard Schickel reviewed *Boom!,* a disastrous film adaptation of Tennessee Williams's *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore,* starring Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton, writing that *Boom!* was "the sound of a bomb exploding." It would have been so easy to blow this place off with that quote. And, after the first visit, it seemed tailor-made. But in all fairness, it's a rare restaurant, and an even rarer new one, that can handle a table of twenty-one without it seeming like the last meal of the summer at Camp Lakota. Details are eliminated when you turn up the volume, and in this one regard the restaurant deserves its name. Though not as painful as Tabac, with its deliberately decomposed decor of oxidized reflective surfaces, Boom's decibels of pain peak at ten in the form of squeals (if only they emanated from the rest rooms—justifiable screams in recognition of severe hair crimes) and he's-the-coolest-lawyer-in-the-business-and-a-hell-luva-guy-honest backslaps. The cuisine is labeled "modern ethnic"—as if anyone else is working in New York's restaurant kitchens—but the results generally leave the (more Hunger page 109)

Illustration: **JEFFREY FULVIMARI**

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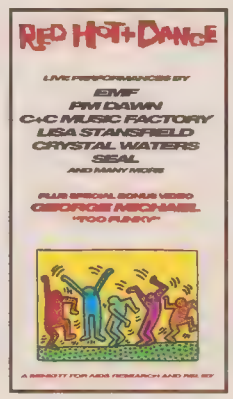

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more pirates . . .

(continued from page 94)

them, and fully document everything they do. Once they've got those dolphins in the net, *then* we'll go in and cut that net open. So, I see the action to be the liberation of the dolphins.

DK: Wasn't the Marine Mammal Protection Act supposed to make all dolphin kills illegal?

PW: Well, yes. Originally, it was meant to bring dolphin kills down to absolute zero. Then there were amendments put into it, and now, under the Marine Mammal Protection Act, U.S. purse-seine fishers [but only those working in the eastern tropical Pacific] are allowed to kill 20,500 dolphins a year. And that only applies to U.S. fishermen. So, for the dolphins, the situation remains unchanged.

DK: Are the dolphins being seriously threatened with extinction? Does the number killed every year represent a serious biological crisis?

PW: I think for the dolphins it does, yes. All marine mammals are endangered. Tuna fishing impacts primarily on three dolphin species: spinner, spotted, and common. Spinner dolphins are very seriously depleted. They are the most endangered.

There have been fewer dolphins killed in the last decade than the decade before, but that's only an indication that there are fewer dolphins to kill, not that the methods are improving at all. We know that the tuna industry has killed approximately seven to eight *million* dolphins since around 1972, over a twenty-year period. So there are many fewer dolphins now, in 1992, than there were in 1982, and much fewer than there were in 1972.

DK: How do you know that a particular boat is going to set its net on a school of dolphins?

PW: If they've got helicopters and high-powered speedboats on board, then that's what they're doing. They're definitely setting their nets on dolphin. They use the helicopter to locate the dolphins, and then they direct the tuna boat in. Then they corral the dolphins with the speedboats, circling fast around them and throwing seal bombs—little sticks of dynamite—into the water, getting them into a tighter and tighter circle.

At the same time, the tuna are swimming with the dolphins, beneath them. So when they put the mile-long purse-seine net around the dolphins and enclose it on the bottom, they entrap the tuna and the dolphins, everything that's there.

DK: And when they pull the net up, what happens? Do the dolphins drown?

PW: Well, a lot of the dolphins panic and become entangled in the net and drown. Some of them have parts of their anatomy ripped off by the net. Sometimes they're pulled up through the power blocks [the electric winches on the fishing boats which reel in the nets] and crushed. Some of them get out.

DK: What is the alternative to this kind of tuna fishing?

PW: The alternative is that we don't need an alternative. The tuna industry is a greed industry. It's there for money; it's not there for necessity. A lot of that tuna-boat fish goes into cat food.

DK: But here you have Mexicans, Venezuelans, Vanuatuans, fishermen from very poor countries out making a living. There must be alternative methods, that rather than putting these tuna fishermen out of work, per se . . .

PW: Well, you can bait for tuna. Or you can use long lines. But long-liners are getting out of hand, too. I tell you, the problem is that there is no alternative, because there are not enough fish to feed the number of people on the planet. The alternatives just mean investing more and more money into more and more sophisticated technology to catch fewer and fewer fish. The end result of all this will be the extinction of the fish. So I don't believe in alternatives. I believe we have to shut the industry down. Let's give the fish a break for a while.

DK: So you don't have any concern for what happens to the Mexican fishermen?

PW: No. No, I don't have any concern for what happens to the people who cut down redwood trees, either. If you justify every ecological atrocity by the need for jobs, then you can justify the complete destruction of everything on the planet. I don't think that jobs justify the destruction of redwoods or the destruction of tuna or the destruction of dolphins.

DK: Do you think that Sea Shepherds have made any noticeable dent in what's going on out here?

PW: We've saved . . . last year, for instance, we probably saved a couple hundred dolphin. To me, that's worth the whole effort. I mean, on our seal campaign we saved 76,000 seals. So we know that we physically save thousands of whales and tens of thousands of dolphins and literally hundreds of thousands of seals from our activities.

We're sort of like the shock troops. We make it so the more moderate groups can come in after us. When people see a more extreme, or what they *call* a more extreme, organization, they are a lot more willing to talk with the moderates.

DK: Do you object to the term "terrorist," when people call you that?

PW: Eco-terror! It's a ludicrous term. If I was a terrorist, I couldn't be running my ship in and out of American ports. If I was a terrorist, I'd be in jail.

I don't really care what anyone thinks of our methods, or of me, either. Our constituents are nonhuman. All I know is that the whales would support it. If a whale had a choice to be harpooned or not to be harpooned, we can logically assume that he would choose not to be harpooned, and we can logically assume that he would approve of anything to stop that harpoon. That's all we really go by.

On the foremast of the *Sea Shepherd II* is a little statue that was given to us by a Tibetan monk. We also have the support of the Dalai Lama, because he understands what our approach is. The statue is the image of Hayagriva, the fierce aspect of Buddhist compassion. And that's what we do. We don't hurt anyone. But at the same time, we scare the hell out of them. And that's equally important.

DK: O.K. . . .

PW: When we were doing a campaign in Japan, a Japanese fisherman asked me, "What's more important? The life of a dolphin or the life of a human being?" And I said, "Well, I think they're equally important." And he said, "Well, let me put it this way: if a Japanese fisherman were drowning in a net and a dolphin were drowning in a net, which would you rescue?" And my answer was, "I didn't come to Japan to rescue fishermen. I came here to rescue dolphins."

Under ecological law, a species' survival takes precedence over the individual rights of members of any other species. The question was once put to me: if there were only two blue whales, and the only way to save them was to kill the man who was about to harpoon them, would you do it? Yes! Without hesitation. What's the life of that harpooner compared to the survival of a species that has survived 100 million years? And to people who say that's a heartless and inhuman response, I say that's ludicrous, particularly coming from a society that has killed 100 million people in wars over oil or real estate and had no hesitation doing so whatever.

DK: Are you part of a larger political movement?

PW: Politically, I have always been very conservative. And I think that any conservative is naturally a conservationist. To me, Ronald Reagan is a radical. Anybody who's out there destroying the resources of the planet, that's radical action, not conservative. We get the words all mixed up.

Liberals I don't have much use for: they're so wishy-washy. They're with you when it's good and not with you when it's not good. I see our organization as the ladies of the night of the environmental movement: people like what we do at night, but they don't want to be seen with us in the daytime.

DK: Then where do you get your support?

PW: Our organization gets backing from many sources. In our opposition to drift nets, I got $100,000 worth of donations in the last year from American fishermen, primarily salmon fishermen in Alaska and Washington whose livelihood is being impacted on by Japanese and Taiwanese drift netters. In fact, most of the funding for our drift-net campaign this year will be coming from fishermen, not from animal lovers and all that. Overall, if I were to look over our membership, I would say about a good 25 percent of our support comes from fishermen. Another 25 percent comes from the animal-rights movement. The remainder comes from people who are concerned about conservation or marine biology.

[Author's note: Two nights earlier, in a conversation at the Panama Canal Yacht Club, a Scots sailor accused Watson of being a hypocrite for taking money from fishermen when he claimed to want to shut the fishing industry down. Watson replied that he does not take politics into consideration in accepting donations. "When we accept money at Sea Shepherds," he said, "it comes no strings attached."]

DK: Do you think we're at a threshold where we can't recover our planet?

PW: Oh, the planet is very resilient. It will recover. If it gets to that point, the planet will just shrug us off. If we get to be too much of a nuisance, it'll say, "Hey, bye-bye. Nice knowin' ya. Get lost."

The problem with the human species is, they have a very short memory and no vision. They forget very easily, and they adapt to anything, and justify it all! We give no thought to the future. We have to get back to a Native American point of view. The Iroquois make no decisions without considering the effect on the next seven generations. That, to me, seems like the only solution.

DK: If you think your work may be all for naught, why do you keep doing it?

PW: It's so that I can look back on my life and say, "Hey, y'know, because I lived, so many thousands of animals also lived. Because I lived, this habitat was protected. Because I lived, this tree is still here. Because I lived!"

You fight the cause, and you take satisfaction from fighting the cause. You don't try to delude yourself that you are going to win, because there is no light at the end of the tunnel. But that doesn't mean there will never be any light at the end of the tunnel. ■

more food . . .

(continued from page 106)

foolishness to the menu. As a table of two, we discovered that Thai shrimp and melon salad alone could almost justify even Tabac's existence if it were served there, instead of those tomato-soaked pink things their customers scarf up. Seafood risotto tastes like boxed pilaf, but the grilled quail is sharp and stinging, and the flat noodles beat the stir-fry. Bass with fennel is a definite alternative if the fish of the day makes the waiter hesitate; the house special marinated lamb is irresistible when smothered in fruit chutney; and the red curry sauce on the sea scallops should be offered as an option on all the seafood dishes. Boom, however, is destined to attract a lot of large parties—no matter how wary the management is about giving out its phone number, though God knows why. No one can hear the phone ring anyway.

152 SPRING STREET, 212-431-3663

JEAN CLAUDE

It's the smallest, it's the most crowded, it doesn't take reservations, it's certainly the most "French," and its phone gets answered less frequently than the staff of Tabac says "good evening." So why is dinner at Jean Claude so delightful? One big reason: Jean Claude Iacovelli. Classic Gallic visual blueprint that he is, the man actually wants to run a restaurant, instead of a clubhouse or a semenal way station. Hot L, which formerly occupied this site, also started like a house on fire, with a similar clientele. But the owners always looked like they'd rather be at the Knicks game. Jean Claude's presence is almost as constant as his name on the window; his hands transport plates more often than they rest buddy-style on someone's shoulder. His élan and his chefs, Frank Castronovo, Bernard Guth, and Willy Prunty, were honed at Bouley, but you don't appropriate this kind of awareness of the customer even after years in a four-star restaurant. Either you got charm or you don't. Jean Claude must have gone around twice when doses were being handed out.

The pleasures of his restaurant aren't buried by its popularity, because he keeps things small. The wine list does not pretend there is a cellar. The prices are not out to make you suffer for trendiness. The menu offers only nine or ten items nightly. They're deceptively simple, cleanly presented, and eerily healthy for somewhere so bistrotekkie: organic mesclun, with goat cheese; arugula bedding a hearty filet mignon carpaccio; pungent mushrooms in ravioli and a parsley sauce; a zippy red wine sauce over salmon and cabbage; fettuccine coated in nut butter; normally boring poached chicken that comes alive because of a jalapeño sauce. And not a platter of steak frites in sight. Combine that with a street that's the quietest in SoHo, and it's no wonder we saw Poppin' Fresh determinedly walking by one night, with what must have been a former Miss Cayman Islands trailing behind him and waving at friends seated outside. "Let's stay here," she twinkled. "It's so cute." "C'mon, let's go," he snapped. "It's boring. I don't know anyone." "Well, I do," she countered. "Fine. Stay," he said. "I'll be at Félix. Your coat's in my car." He was out of sight almost as quickly as he was out of mind. "I hate that coat," she giggled to a friend. Things are looking up on Hitter Row.

137 SULLIVAN STREET, 212-475-9232 ■

fashion details

Steven Weber, page 18

Jacket, $890, and trousers, $480, both by Issey Miyake. Polo shirt by Matsuda, $410. Shoes by Luciano Barbera, $585. Belt by Basco, $70. All available at Ultimo, Chicago.

Wet T-Shirts (No Contest), pages 50–51

Cotton short-sleeve T-shirt by Sonia Rykiel, $100, available at Etoile, Boca Raton, FL; Filene's, Boston; Sonia Rykiel, Honolulu; the 24 Collection, Bal Harbour, FL. Women's white long-sleeve T-shirt by Yohji Yamamoto, $40, at Yohji Yamamoto, NYC. Beige short-sleeve T-shirt by Stone Island, $85, at CP Company, NYC. Cotton T-shirt by Paul Smith, $65, at Paul Smith, Barneys New York, and Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. Cotton short-sleeve T-shirt by Calvin Klein Sport, $9, at Macy's and Bloomingdale's stores nationwide. Original pocket tee by the Gap, $10.50, at the Gap stores nationwide. Cotton T-shirt by Banana Republic, $16.50, at Banana Republic stores nationwide. Cotton jersey mock pullover top by Esprit, $30, at Esprit stores; for locations, call 1-800-777-8765. Cotton T-shirt by Fez by Andrew Fezza, $32.50, at Bloomingdale's stores nationwide; Macy's Northeast; Charivari, NYC. Cotton T-shirt by Armani Jeans, $45, from a selection at Emporio Armani, NYC, Toronto, Honolulu, and Costa Mesa, CA. Prince European concert T-shirt, $18, at Camelot Enterprises nationwide; Soundshop nationwide; Can-Am Gifts, Myrtle Beach, SC; Hot Topic, Montclair, CA; Village Stars, NYC.

Tie One On, page 52

Silk ties (Hub Caps, Double Take, Native Sun) by Gene Meyer, from $55 to $60, available at Chiasso, Chicago; Museum of Modern Art Design Store and Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; I. Magnin stores in California. Silk twill tie with Kachinas print by Hermès, $135, at select Barneys New York stores and Hermès, NYC, or call 1-800-441-4488, ext. 1015. Silk tie by Gucci, $85, at Gucci Boutiques. Striped silk tie with diamond pattern by Paul Smith, $90, at Paul Smith, NYC. Circus-print silk tie by Iceberg, $75, at Riccardi, Boston; Syd Jerome, Chicago; Theodore Man, L.A.; Silhouette, Chevy Chase, MD. Silk tie with geometric pattern by Yukio Kobayashi for Matsuda, $95, at Matsuda, NYC, and Ralph Davies, San Francisco. Cotton plaid tie by the Gap from a collection of ties at the Gap stores nationwide. Silk tie by Valentino, $75, at I. Magnin, Bloomingdale's, and Macy's stores nationwide. Woven silk tie by Yves Saint Laurent, $81, at Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, Saks Fifth Avenue, and Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. Silk tie with leaf pattern by Romeo Gigli, from a selection of Romeo Gigli ties at Spazio Romeo Gigli and Bergdorf Goodman, NYC, and Maxfield stores in California. Black-and-white vertical-stripe tie and gray-on-white twill knit tie, $85 each, both by Donna Karan, at Bloomingdale's and Barneys New York, NYC, and Neiman Marcus stores nationwide. Silk-on-twill polka-dot bow tie by Paul Stuart, $39.50, at Paul Stuart, NYC. Hand-painted bow tie by Countess Mara, $27.50, at the Countess Mara Boutique, NYC, or call 1-800-727-1037.

Tim Robbins, pages 66–73

Page 66: Trench coat, $650, and double-breasted wool suit, $975, both by Emporio Armani, available at Emporio Armani, NYC, Toronto, Honolulu, and Costa Mesa, CA. **Page 69:** Cotton dress shirt by Donna Karan Menswear, $150, at Barneys New York, NYC; Neiman Marcus, L.A.; I. Magnin, San Francisco. Silk tie by Etro, $85, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. **Pages 72–73:** Double-breasted wool crepe suit by Donna Karan Menswear, $1,350, at Barneys New York, NYC; Neiman Marcus, L.A.; I. Magnin, San Francisco. Cotton dress shirt by Emporio Armani, $135, at Emporio Armani, NYC, Toronto, Honolulu, and Costa Mesa, CA.

Men Only?, pages 74–79

Page 74: Wool herringbone trousers by Comme des Garçons Homme Plus by Rei Kawakubo, $465, available at Comme des Garçons, NYC, and Maxfield, L.A. **Pages 76–77:** Light brown and ecru striped viscose shirt by G Gigli, $200, at Fred Segal, Marshall Field's, Bergdorf Goodman, and Bloomingdale's stores nationwide. Light brown and ecru striped cotton shirt by Romeo Gigli, $225, at Spazio Romeo Gigli and Barneys New York, NYC. Wool trousers by Romeo Gigli, $480, at Spazio Romeo Gigli and Bagutta, NYC, and Syd Jerome, Chicago. Leather belts by Romeo Gigli, $155, at Spazio Romeo Gigli and Barneys New York, NYC. Hand-painted sneakers by G Gigli. **Page 78:** Tweed three-button jacket by Romeo Gigli, $935, at Spazio Romeo Gigli, NYC; Maxfield, L.A.; Theodore stores in California. Wool-knit polo shirt by Dolce & Gabbana, $385, at Silhouette, Chevy Chase, MD; Bagutta, NYC; Riccardi, Boston; Syd Jerome, Chicago. Wool cashmere ribbed cap by Romeo Gigli, $255, at Spazio Romeo Gigli, NYC, and Studio, Santa Monica. **Page 79:** Single-breasted double jacket, $1,250, wool vest, $275, wool pants, $425, cotton shirt, $245, and silk tie, $105, all by Dolce & Gabbana, at Silhouette, Chevy Chase, MD; Bagutta, NYC; Riccardi, Boston; Syd Jerome, Chicago.

Sonic Youth, pages 84–87

Gray faux-fur leopard-print coat, $1,182, dog corset, $355, faux-fur leopard-print rhino bomber, $910, and printed denim jeans, $245, all by Vivienne Westwood, available at Comme des Fous, L.A., and Saks Fifth Avenue and Untitled, NYC.

Let It Fall, pages 88–93

Page 88: Stretch-ciré bustier and leggings by Giorgio di Sant'Angelo, $800, available by special order at Giorgio di Sant'Angelo, NYC. Orange boa feather bikini by Maria Snyder, $1,000, by special order at Maria Snyder Studio, NYC. **Page 91:** White silk gauze and gold beaded bodysuit by Giorgio di Sant'Angelo, $3,500, at Barneys New York, NYC, and Charles Gallay, L.A. White mink mules by Giorgio di Sant'Angelo, $100, by special order at Giorgio di Sant'Angelo, NYC. **Page 93:** White mink bikini, $1,800, and camel Mongolian cashmere mules, $150, both by Giorgio di Sant'Angelo, by special order at Giorgio di Sant'Angelo, NYC. Sunglasses from the New Baroque Collection Eyewear by Silhouette, by special order at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC.

Kristy Swanson, pages 98–101

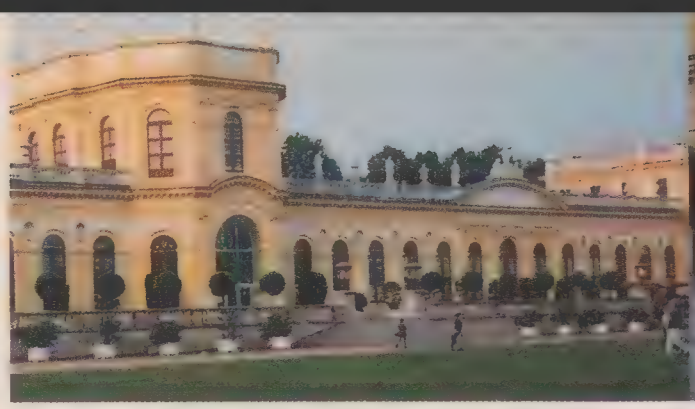
Page 98: Red wool sleeveless turtleneck by Anne Klein, $150, available from a selection at Anne Klein stores nationwide. Navy-and-white-striped shorts, $195, by Cheap & Chic by Moschino. **Page 99:** Mint-green cashmere polo sweater, $785, and white cotton-piqué shorts, $250, both by Prada, at Prada Boutique, NYC and L.A. **Page 101:** White cotton-piqué halter top by Prada, $350, at Prada Boutique, NYC and L.A. White terry cotton robe by Fred Segal, $195, at Fred Segal stores in California.

The New Armor, pages 102–5

Page 102: Black leather jacket by Versus by Gianni Versace, available at Jimmy's, NYC; Silhouette, Chevy Chase, MD; H. Lorenzo, L.A.; Bilan, Dallas. Orange down-quilted silk satin vest by Gianni Versace, $2,190, at Gianni Versace, NYC, Beverly Hills, Bal Harbour, FL, Chicago, Honolulu, Houston, and San Francisco. Bronze "Day One" bracelet by Rolando Negoita, $4,000, at Artwear, NYC. Japanese helmet, $325, at Sarajo, NYC. **Page 103:** Leather jacket by Cheap & Chic by Moschino, $1,860, at Macy's, NYC. Black stretch-velour leggings by DKNY, $95, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Neiman Marcus and Bloomingdale's stores nationwide; I. Magnin stores in California. Football helmet courtesy of the Albert Watson Collection. **Page 104:** Motorcycle jacket by Avirex, $450, at Boogies Diner, NYC; Cockpit, NYC and L.A.; selected Macy's stores. Cotton hot pants by Cheap & Chic by Moschino, $172, at Fred Segal Couture, Santa Monica. "Circles and bars" silver shawl by Tone Vigeland, $4,000, and clay bracelet by Ondrej Rudavsky, $1,200, both at Artwear, NYC. Leather boots by Dr. Martens, $145, at No Difference Shoes, NYC. Black motorcycle jacket with silver details by Chrome Hearts, $4,125, at Maxfield, L.A.; Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago. Silver knuckle rings by Robert Lee Morris, $90, $110, $130, $150, and $160, at Robert Lee Morris, NYC. Turkish hat, $175, at Sarajo, NYC. **Page 105:** "Cosmic" leather vest by Diesel, $450, at Detour, NYC; E-Street, Chicago; Fred Segal stores in California. Back-lace vest with silver details by Chrome Hearts, $1,125, at Maxfield, L.A.; Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago. Ebony-and-hemp bracelet by Kris Ruhs, $550, at Artwear, NYC. Catcher's mask courtesy of the Albert Watson Collection. Deerskin coat by Donna Karan Menswear, $1,150, at Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; Bloomingdale's, NYC; Stanley Korshak, Dallas. Double-breasted antiqued-leather jacket, $2,350, by Jil Sander, at Barneys New York, NYC; Louis, Boston; Ultimo, Chicago; Dayton's Oval Room, Minneapolis. Black stretch pants, $725, by Jil Sander, at Romanoff's, Coconut Grove, FL; Maxfield, L.A.; Linda Dresner, Birmingham, MI; Janet Brown, Port Washington, LI. Silver-and-bronze "Day Six" bracelet by Rolando Negoita, $4,000, at Artwear, NYC. Kendo mask courtesy of the Albert Watson Collection. ■

(for the record)

It only happens once every five years: the art world gathers in Kassel, Germany, for the opening of Documenta. This year, opinions about the show—number nine—are as varied as the more than 180 contemporary artists who are included. From the best to the worst, it's a good time for the art world to break bread with one another and share some wurst. The exhibition will run through September 20.



The Orangery at Documenta IX, in Kassel, Germany.

Multimedia artist Colette.

Tom MacGregor and art dealer Mary Boone.

Art dealer Stefan Stux.

Artist Brice Marden and art dealer Matthew Marks.

Artist Peter Fend.

Art dealer Joe Helman and wife Ursula Helman.

Art dealer Karsten Greve.

Artist Pat Steir and fashion designer Mary McFadden.

Art dealers Margo Leavin and Wendy Brandow, and *Artforum's* Anthony Korner.

Artist Richard Prince at the Cafe Paulus.

Munich art dealer Six Friedrich and daughter Saskia.

Documenta IX's artistic director, Jan Hoet.

Art historian Rada Varia and his opera-diva wife, Mariana Nicolesco

Douglas Baxter, vice president of New York's Pace Gallery.

Richard Price; his wife, painter Judy Hudson; Don Munson; Suzy Burton; and Mark Upton: at Munson's celebrating Price's new novel, *Clocker*

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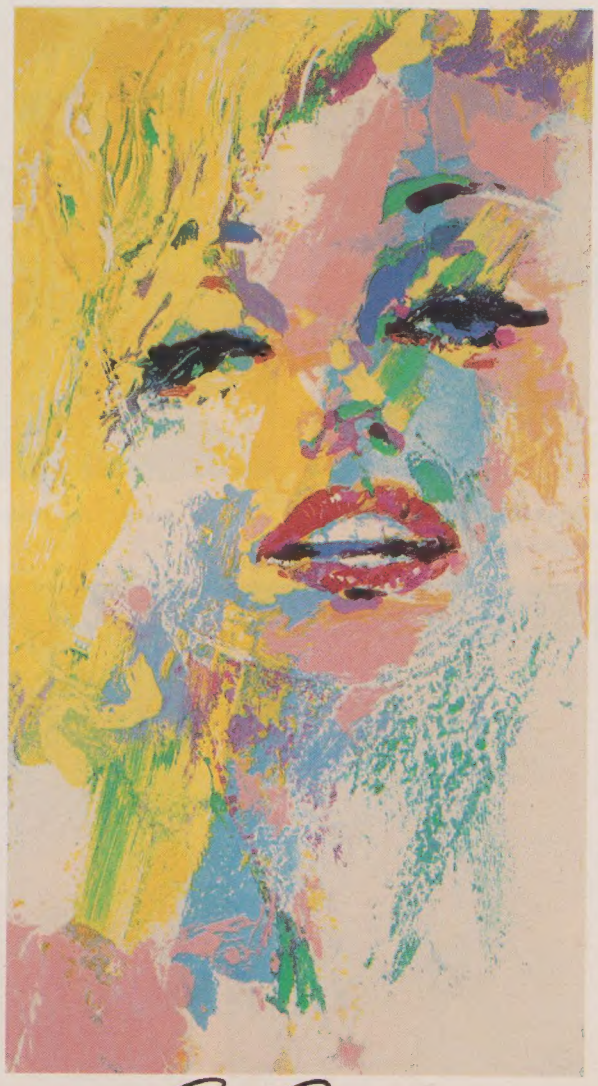

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Photographs by Patrick McMullan

Christine Royer, Revlon's v.p. of fashion and licensing, at Ford's Supermodel of America party at Jim McMullen.

Venuslike actress-model Erinn Cosby emerges from the ocean in Miami Beach.

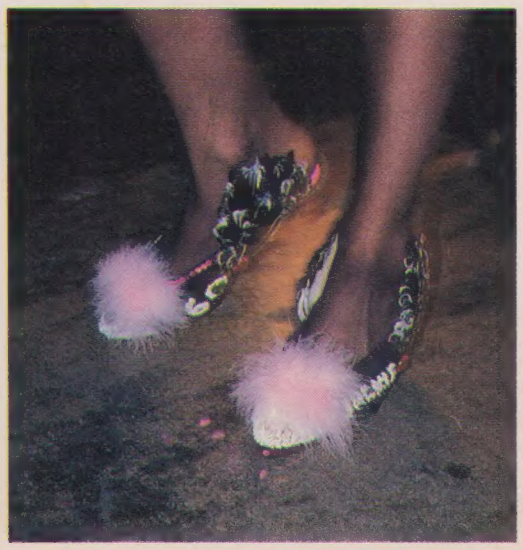
An enigmatic Alba Clemente at Jackie 60 for the playlet *Coke Whore.*

Designer Wolfgang Joop, singer Ingrid Caven, and writer Gary Indiana at Astor's celebrating Caven's U.S. debut.

Ivana Trump, Nikki Haskell, and Beverly Johnson at Haskell's birthday party at Tatou.

Hair-care exec John Sebastian and activists Judy and Sam Peabody at an AIDS fundraiser for DIFFA's "Heart Strings."

At Palladium, Grace Jones celebrates her birthday with (from left) boyfriend Maximo, MTV staffer Jane Fredericks, and fashion editor Daniela Morera.



A competitor in the Shoe Ball at Jackie 60.

Writer Victor Bockris lies down on the floor at Christopher Makos's "Out of Control" show at Magidson Fine Art.

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